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CHRONICLE.

THE last day of last week and the first of this were noteworthy for the funerals of Mr. SMITH and Mr. PARNELL. The former, both at the actual interment at Hambleden, near Henley, and at the Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey, was attended by a very large number of distinguished persons, and honoured with probably unanimous sentiments of respect and sympathy. Meanwhile the large body of persons who find a strange delight in speculating on matters which are not really interesting till they are known have bestirred themselves mightily to find a successor to Mr. SMITH. Some were in such a hurry for it as to announce yesterday (probably on the strength of Mr. GOSCHEN's generous reference to the matter at Cambridge the night before) that it had actually been offered to—they did not say accepted by—Mr. BALFOUR. No one from the first could have the slightest doubt that Mr. BALFOUR might, if he liked, take a post which he had earned as few have ever earned it; and the only question could be whether he would choose, and if so, would he be wise in choosing, to do so? But, considering that no Leader of the House of Commons is wanted till the House of Commons meets, and that the duties of the First Lord of the Treasury, putting patronage aside, are almost purely nominal, the earlier speculation was rather idle.—Mr. PARNELL's obsequies were performed in Dublin, also with no maimed rites, if with a greater mixture of feelings. There was no disturbance at the grave, the anti-Parnellites having wisely taken the broad hint of "murderer!" addressed to Mr. DILLON the night before in Dublin streets, and having stayed away from the ceremony. Had they not done so, "Had ZIMRI peace, who slew 'his master!'" would have been a very appropriate text for the sermon, and would not improbably have been practically answered in the negative. It is too early yet to judge what will be the effect of Mr. PARNELL's death on his Parliamentary party; but, to judge from an address to the Irish people issued at the beginning of the present week, that party is by no means inclined to "take it lying down." This address, signed by nearly thirty members of Parliament, breathes fire and fury against the anti-Parnellites, and disclaims all idea of co-operation with them. Of course it may be said that this is mere "bluff"—mere demonstrations to raise terms before acceding to them. This it may be, and it also may not. Certainly, if there are no persons of very transcendent ability in the Parnellite party, the average of the anti-Parnellites is not exactly dazzling. Meanwhile, both English and Irish anti-Parnellites are evidently not a little discomfited by this attitude of the dead leader's party. The *Free-man's Journal* (which, had young Mr. GRAY not been quite in such a hurry to obey the priests' orders, might have now rattled with some decency) expostulates pathetically with the Parnellites, the "party of faction," for saying such dreadful things; Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY thinks they really cannot mean them; and the English Gladstonians say as little as they can, but look very glum.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Little foreign news of importance was published at the end of last week. A speech by the Burgomaster of Brussels, M. BULS, who seems to have been charged with the duty of contradicting officially rumours about secret understandings with Germany; an intended interview between M. DE

GIERS and the Marchese DI RUDINI; the funeral (which the German Emperor attended) of King CHARLES of Württemberg; some details of the German disaster in Africa, and (rather belatedly) of the series of fights which overthrew Señor BALMACEDA in Chili, were the chief items. —Foreign news in the early part of the week was still extremely quiet. An attempted but unsuccessful revolution in Monte Video, some unpleasant news about cholera in the Red Sea, and suchlike things, were the chief of it. Nor was Wednesday morning much richer. There were ill rumours from China, and Queen CHRISTINA of Spain, who is always doing graceful things, had visited the English sufferers from the Burgos accident, but little else. The gossips have reluctantly persuaded themselves that there is nothing to be made out of the GIERS-RUDINI meeting; and it was announced that Lord SALISBURY's Note to the Porte in reference to the Dardanelles matter took the undoubtedly right line of assuming that nothing had been done contrary to treaties, and hinting that any rights which had been granted to other Powers Great Britain would claim for herself also.—A very satisfactory statement was published yesterday morning as to the increase of trade at Zanzibar since the English protectorate, and another of interest, regarding the substitution of the Salonica for the Brindisi mail route to India. This last matter is not without reference to the Dardanelles question.

Elections. The last week ended with two Unionist successes in elections, though in one of them, that at Cambridge, Professor JEBB's return (as a Conservative, not, according to a strange mistake on the part of some persons, as a Liberal) was uncontested. The great, ancient, and numerous University of Cambridge does not, it would seem, contain one man who has sufficient belief in himself and Mr. GLADSTONE combined to challenge this decision. Mr. GRAHAM MURRAY won Buteshire by a sufficient majority—345—less indeed than that which the Unionists obtained in 1886, but more than they got in 1885. Mr. CHARLES BULLER was chosen Unionist candidate for the South Molton division in Lord LYMINGTON's (Lord PORTSMOUTH's) room, and Mr. FREDERICK SMITH for the Strand, in the room of his father.

Speeches. Yesterday week Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke on his politics at Glasgow, and Mrs. BESANT on her Theosophy in London. The Church Congress, at Rhyl, wound up a meeting very successful and very displeasing to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN. Lord DERBY had on Saturday last to unveil a statue of Mr. BRIGHT at Manchester, and made a good but characteristic speech on it. He was well in place to do so—first, as hereditary spokesman of Lancashire; secondly, because he himself was a good deal more in sympathy with Mr. BRIGHT than most men of his order; and, lastly, because his balanced and unemotional turn of mind enabled him, without too much egg-dancing, to discuss before an audience divided on many points of opinion a career which was a remarkably combative one, and therefore not easy to handle peacefully. There was a good deal of speaking on Tuesday. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN addressed a meeting, chiefly of Liberals, at Llanybyther, in Cardiganshire, and commented on things past and things future in a manner which has given great pain to Gladstonians. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was abandoned enough to ask Welsh Nonconformists whether they feel quite comfortable in acting with a party so completely under the thumb of the Roman Catholic clergy as the anti-Parnellite party is now; and that was wicked. He had commented on Mr. GLADSTONE's expressions as to Egypt; and that was wicked. He had hinted that, if you *do* want to find an occasion for destroying the House of Lords, you might, perhaps, find a better one than Home Rule; and that was wickedest. Meanwhile Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, at Glasgow, assumed

an attitude of Christian forgiveness as to the "hard words" which people have used of him. Have they used any? We have known much pity and a little contempt applied to the lamentable dulling and softening of what used to be a bright, if not a strong, brain; but we do not think that many people have used hard words of Sir GEORGE. Such language is not appropriate to his case. Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH spoke at Stockton very sensibly and becomingly on the death of Mr. SMITH and the vacancy it creates; and Mr. JACKSON at Leeds. Sir MICHAEL spoke again, non-politically, at Stockton, on Wednesday, in reference to the affairs of his department; and Mr. STANHOPE politically, and with just reference to those Egyptian flings of Mr. GLADSTONE which Gladstonians are trying to swear away, at Spilsby. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR also took occasion, in introducing the Master of Polwarth, Unionist candidate, to a meeting at Whittingham, to speak shortly on the late Mr. SMITH, and on politics generally. Mr. GOSCHEN made a capital speech at Cambridge, on Thursday, riddling the Newcastle programme; and Mr. BRYCE vainly tried at Aberdeen to defend the disgraceful opposition to the Victoria Nyanza railway survey grant.

If Nonconformists will take a friendly hint, Correspondence, we should advise them to gag or scrag Dr.

JOSEPH PARKER, who seems to have been engaged by the editor of the *Times* to make Nonconformity ridiculous once a week. This time the good Doctor says that Churchmen, in their dealings with Dissenters, "touch a very sensitive nerve," and proceeds to show that the sensitiveness is that of persons who feel their social inferiority. It is not exactly new, it is no doubt most true; but we should hardly have thought it wise of a Dissenter to confess it.—Staff Captain Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has written to Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH, expressing his sympathy with the Eastbourne Salvationist rioters, and recalling the proud time when, as Home Secretary, in the intervals of protecting the British nation in general (and its Home Secretary in particular) from the dynamite of his present allies, Sir WILLIAM frequently objected to clauses in local Acts for freeing the localities from the Salvation nuisance. We wish Mr. BOOTH joy of his recruit. But can you get this kind of salvation by letter? The taking of the Salvation shilling in person by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would draw more than any ceremony which the fertile imagination of the BOOTH family has yet devised. Funerals, departures for Australia, and all the rest of the mountebankery would simply not be "in it." Meanwhile, the Eastbourne authorities threaten Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH with libel actions for his statements as to their conduct. These statements are, no doubt, impudently untrue; but, even if they are technically libellous, what is the good of further advertising a person who is a man of straw save for subscriptions, and who, whether cast or victorious, will be regarded by his subscribers as a martyred saint?—A very curious correspondence was published on Wednesday morning between Captain SHAW and the County Council, exhibiting that extraordinary body in an even more wonderful light. It is, it seems, dying to know what the conditions under which Captain SHAW thought it impossible for him to work with it are. The Captain, of course, pointedly declines to descend to particulars; indeed, if he did answer, he could probably only say "You!"

The folly of discarding the broad gauge was Miscellaneous, shown on Saturday in a very singular three-cornered collision at Acton, where a broad-gauge passenger train ran into a cattle train and a goods train which were already *aux prises*. It is almost certain that a narrow-gauge intruder in such circumstances would have either broken up or "derailed" with frightful results. The broad-gauge train sailed steadily through the hurlyburly with nothing more than a slight shaking to one or two passengers.—The London County Council was occupied on Tuesday with the water question, and exhibited its usual curious misconception of its duties. Just as it will not improve London thoroughfares because the Government will not allow it to carry out a system of plundering the landlords, so it will not give London more, cheaper, and better water because the Government will not allow it to plunder the Companies. Unluckily, while this absurd vestry, which thinks itself a parliament, sulks, Londoners suffer.—The usual mid-October storm came with a vengeance on Tuesday, causing damage at first very imperfectly known, because of the general destruction of the telegraph wires, which also brought about the unusual result of the absence of a

detailed weather forecast on Wednesday. When communication was to some extent restored, details of damage came pouring in, and ranged from the destruction of sea-walls to the chucking about of passengers in the cabins of great steamers like pool balls in a wicker bottle.

The Carron and Hermitage Wharves strike, Labour, which had practically come to an end last week, has been continued nominally. The wharfingers, however, appear to be masters of the situation, and intend, it is said, to carry out the scheme of permanent employment on a great scale. This will be for all reasons good—good for the comfort of steady and honest workmen, good as discouraging the present delusive hopes which draw tramps and casuals to the docks, good, most of all, as very nearly hamstringing the pestilent agitators who are the curse of this branch, as of all branches of labour. It is not surprising that these agitators are agitated indeed, and that Mr. BEN TILLET has written a very high-strung letter to the papers, talking of "permeating humanity with some idea of God, justice, and patience." For "God," *lege* "not being content with your wages"; for "justice," *lege* "demanding payment for times when you do not work"; and for "patience," *lege* "breaking carmen's ribs," and Mr. TILLET is the most accurate of men. The general state of labour is, by the way, authoritatively announced as bad, and part of the badness is attributed to the McKINLEY tariff. There must be some mistake here; for, as all Free-traders know, the effect of that tariff must be to impoverish America indefinitely and infinitely to enrich England.

The racing of the end of last week was of Sport, very little interest, even the valuable Great Breeders' Produce Stakes at Kempton Park bringing out no really good horses. On the first day of the Second October Meeting at Newmarket there was bad weather, but good racing. The Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Blue Green, with 15 to 8 on him, carried off the Lowther Stakes handsomely from a field including Cuttlestone, Révérend, and Cereza. The same owner's Orion took the Champion Plate against Bel Demonio, Orvioto, and Signorina, the last of whom had been made a strong favourite. The weather hardly improved on Wednesday, and had a great effect on the racing. The state of the ground made the Cesarewitch impossible for the heavyweights; but the Duke of BEAUFORT'S Ragimunde, who, except in the Great Metropolitan, has been rather unlucky, won it very well from Penelope, Lily of Lumley, and a field of twenty-one others. Lord ILCHESTER'S Florrie had a good win in the Maiden Plate; Lord DURHAM'S Detective carried off the Kennett Plate easily from Marvel, Palisandre, and others; the Autumn Handicap (run in the middle of a squall which made two horses bolt, fall, and slightly injure their jockeys) went to Mr. JENNINGS'S Catarina, and Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S Bumptious improved his place in the Cambridgeshire betting by landing the Select Stakes from Melody and Queen of the Fairies. On Thursday the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Orme, as was expected, won the Middle Park Plate from El Diablo, Gantlet, and others.

The death of HERMAN MELVILLE, the author, Obituary, nearly half a century ago, of *Typee* and *Omoo*, recalls another of those curious, but by no means rare, instances where a man under some peculiar stimulus does absolutely capital work early, and then neither rests altogether, nor does bad work, but is simply ordinary.

Among the thickening array of books may be Books, &c. noticed Major WINGATE'S *Mahdism and the Eastern Soudan* (MACMILLAN), and Sir EDWARD WATKIN'S *Alderman Cobden* (WARD & LOCK), for interest of matter and subject; a first collected edition of FULLER'S *Sermons*, edited by Messrs. BAILEY and AXON (UNWIN), and a vast, fragmentary, but very curious, spiritual epic by the late Mr. W. G. PALGRAVE, entitled the *Vision of Life* (MACMILLAN), for the more permanent interest of literature.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE LEADERSHIP.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be with strict accuracy said that, at the moment of our writing, the vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons has been actually filled, we may take it that Mr. BALFOUR'S appointment to that office is virtually certain. Mr. GOSCHEN'S brief but sympathetic reference to the matter in his speech at Cambridge last Thursday evening would hardly have been made

at such a juncture if the PRIME MINISTER's choice had been in doubt. His words confirmed the impression created by the previous incidents of the day—Mr. GOSCHEN's own interviews with the PRIME MINISTER before leaving London for Cambridge. That Lord SALISBURY should be desirous of consulting him, and Lord HARTINGTON—with whom he is said to have communicated—also, is eminently natural; and the reflections—of a tone and tenor that might turn Miss Miggs green with envy—which it has suggested to the *Daily News* are absolutely uncalled for by any known or even plausibly conjecturable fact in the case. That Mr. GOSCHEN should be spoken of as having been "passed over" because he, the solitary Liberal-Unionist member of the Cabinet, is not to represent a Conservative Government in the House of Commons, and to lead a party in which Conservatives outnumber Liberals by about five to one, is surely a remarkable example of malignity almost ceasing to be odious by becoming supremely ridiculous. It is quite possible—not to say probable—that Mr. GOSCHEN on his own account, and for the reasons, good or bad, which have prompted the refusal of the leader of his party to form a coalition with the Conservatives, would have preferred to decline the leadership of the House of Commons, if offered to him. But in any case we may be quite sure that his strong good sense and trained Parliamentary experience would have led him to perceive the inexpediency of such an arrangement; and that being so, his public spirit would have forbidden his assent to it.

Moreover, there is no mistaking the import of the language in which he referred, at Cambridge, to the position which Mr. BALFOUR occupies in the House. Referring to Mr. MORLEY's melodramatic flourish about the Irish spectre laying his icy hand on the Parliament of 1880, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER related the short and simple story of that goblin's exorcism during the Parliament of 1886, in words which won the enthusiastic assent of the audience. "We sent a man to meet it; the man stood face to face with it, and he broke the spell, and the icy cold hand fell at the phantom's side. . . Mr. BALFOUR has driven the spectre away. He has won respect even from the Irish members, and many wish that he should lead in the House of Commons the great Unionist host." Many do wish it in the House of Commons, and outside the House it may be said that there are few, if any, who do not. The result of Lord SALISBURY's interview with Mr. GOSCHEN seems to have been that the post of the leadership was then and there offered to Mr. BALFOUR. As we write the offer is under his consideration, and whatever may be his private hesitation at accepting an office of such responsibility, and on which so heavy a stake of reputation has always to be made, in the last year of an expiring Parliament, we cannot doubt what his decision will be. It is a duty which he owes to his party and to his country to accept the office, and he will not shrink from it.

"NOT AGAINST ENGLAND."

WHEN the Correspondent in Paris of a considerable daily newspaper is "authorized to contradict" statements about plans concocted by France and Russia against Germany and England, one naturally looks with interest to the contradiction. It is always comfortable to be reassured, even when the reassurance takes the form, as did the authoritative statement of this Correspondent, of assuring Englishmen that there is a hostile policy towards Great Britain, but that it is directed "not against England, but against the tendencies of Lord SALISBURY's foreign policy." This, of course, is matter of opinion, and one looks more curiously to see what the details of this policy which is "not against England" are. They are given with considerable precision, and consist of the following certain or probable items. Russia wants, besides floating her loan and "restoring the equilibrium of Europe" (to which nobody can object, though we rather thought that the equilibrium was established and that Russia was disturbing it), to free the Dardanelles, to get the Pamir, and to egg France on to be "aggressive in Indo-China." She probably, but not certainly, wants Syria for herself, and would give Egypt to France in order to get it. France wants to get England out of Egypt. But all this is "not directed against England."

It is not often that we have such an opportunity of appraising the foreign policy notions of a foreign Cor-

respondent, and, presumably, of the persons who employ that Correspondent and the persons who read the paper in which the remarks appear. Gladstonians, then, regard the things referred to as "not against England." It is not against England that Russian ships of war should be able freely to enter and to leave the Dardanelles. Perhaps not. It is sufficient to observe that the whole foreign policy in the Levant of both Tory and Liberal Governments has, for a generation at least, been based on the theory that it is. It would not be against England, though it is not certain that Russia intends this, if Russia were to take Syria and give Egypt to France. Egypt is a country actually in British occupation; Syria is one in which she has considerable interests, and which it is to the last extent important to her to reserve as at least a possible highway to her Eastern possessions. With Syria and Egypt in possibly, not to say probably, hostile hands, a solid bar is opposed on every route to India and the East except round the Cape. But the interposition of that bar would not be "against England." Russia "plainly wants the Pamir." The Pamir is *qua* Pamir of no conceivable value to any mortal. It has scarcely any inhabitants, it is impassable for months in the year, it cannot be cultivated, it is of no use as a trade route. Except a lunatic, no one could desire it, save for the purpose of an alternative or additional line of invasion of India. Yet observe, Russia's desire for it is not against England. Let us pass from the Pamir to Indo-China. Russia wishes France to be aggressive in Indo-China. Who is France to be aggressive against? She lies (putting Siam as a mere buffer State out of the question) between China and England. She cannot be "aggressive" to any one else. Is she to be aggressive to England directly, and is this action, desired by Russia, still not to be against England? Is she to be aggressive to China, which is, in a way, England's ally, which could not be seriously weakened, much less broken up, without the most serious and troublesome consequences to England's Eastern possessions and interests, and probably not without the undertaking of large operations to secure them? Is this the proceeding which is not directed against England? Or what is it?

So, then, we have inspected these particulars, "certain" or "conjectural," of the principal articles of the Franco-Russian *entente*. There is not one of them which does not either directly or indirectly affect, which does not either directly or indirectly threaten the greatest injury to, English interests. Yet they are "not directed against England," only against Lord SALISBURY. Flags hostile to England may float from the White Sea to the Equatorial Lakes; a Power which can have no business but hostile business may be established at the gates of India; the Russian fleet may be let loose on the Mediterranean and the French garrisons established on the Irrawaddy and the Yang-tse-kiang. But it will not be against England; it will only be against Lord SALISBURY. *Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein!*

LORD DERBY ON MR. BRIGHT.

THE *éloge*—the word eulogy has a less definite meaning which prevents its being a precise equivalent—is a form of oratory not very much or very successfully cultivated in England. Name and thing are both lacking—the name, no doubt, because the thing is wanting. The nearest approach which we make to it is in funeral sermons, or in those tributes which political leaders in either House are in the habit of paying to statesmen whom death has removed from Parliamentary life. These efforts usually have something of the solemnity of pulpit eloquence, and occasionally, perhaps, that want of reality which is sometimes attributed to pastoral tributes to the lamented friend and dear brother just called away. It fell to Mr. GLADSTONE's lot to pay the last delicate Parliamentary attention to the memories of Lord PALMERSTON and of Lord BEACONSFIELD. His real opinion of those statesmen is, and was, notorious. But there was no help for it. A *réciépndaire* at the French Academy can just as little pick out at his pleasure the predecessor who shall make way for him and furnish the theme of his discourse of reception. But French literary genius has a lighter hand than our Parliamentary oratory, and veils criticism and even censure in the forms of eulogy with the skill of POPE's ATTICUS. Another occasion for the manufacture of such imitation of the *éloge* as the English genius is capable of is becoming more and more frequent. In SHAKESPEARE's time a great man's memory might outlive his life half a year, provided he built churches. Now, to

save him from not-thinking-on, his friends erect a statue to him.

Manchester has paid this graceful tribute to Mr. BRIGHT. He gave it bread, and it has given him a stone. There is probably nothing so fleeting as the reputation of politicians, even of those who have played a large part in the public life of their time, unless in office they have shaped great legislative measures or directed the policy of a nation. Who except professed students of history knows or cares much about PULTENEY, or CARTERET, or WINDHAM? That Mr. BRIGHT's name will always be known by students of the Parliamentary and platform eloquence and of the popular movements of the middle and later part of the nineteenth century is unquestionable. But it may be doubted whether a future generation will interest themselves very keenly or in much detail about him. History is a good deal more fastidious than contemporary fame likes to acknowledge. Mr. BRIGHT filled the newspapers for nearly half a century. He will have a paragraph in the historical LECKY of the nineteenth century. The obligation is all the more binding on the generation amid which Mr. BRIGHT's closing years were passed to do him justice. Mr. BRIGHT had survived through a period of mixed obloquy and adulation into a general and respectful recognition, more unanimous than usually awaits the great combatants of public life. The LECKY in question will be fortunate if chance leads him during his researches in the British Museum to the file of the *Times* for October 1891. In Lord DERBY's address on the unveiling of the statue of Mr. BRIGHT this day week he will find much of his work done to his hand. Lord DERBY's speech is not an *éloge*. In unveiling statues it seems usually considered that it would be indecorous to unveil a character. It is generally wrapped up in folds and hangings of speech as cumbrous as those which are removed from the marble, and which as completely disguise its real outlines and proportion. Lord DERBY is intellectually too honest to have recourse to this evasive method. It is a necessity with him to get as nearly to the bottom of any subject with which he deals as his faculties enable him to penetrate. His speech at Manchester was a neat little essay on Mr. BRIGHT—a criticism, in the old sense of the word, and an analysis.

Mr. BRIGHT, Lord DERBY holds, was supreme among the orators of his generation, and possibly even of his century. It may be admitted that he had no contemporary rival in the House of Commons, for Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence, consummate as Parliamentary debating, is in oratory what his written style is in literature, or what the effusions of an improvisatore are to poetry. Lord RUSSELL, however, assigned a higher oratorical rank to the late Lord DERBY—who left the House of Commons almost at the very time when Mr. BRIGHT first entered it—than to BRIGHT, and, preferring CANNING to either, placed Lord PLUNKET above them all. It is impossible in oratory wholly to leave out of account the value of the thought, and to consider only the purity or elevation of the style, and Mr. BRIGHT's thought was unequal to his form. His ideas were the common property of all the Quaker capitalists of Lancashire—a curious mixture of humanitarian enthusiasm and a hard utilitarianism. To the commonplaces of the moral and religious middle classes Mr. BRIGHT gave a perfect form and a fiery glow of which they seemed insusceptible. The highest oratory is based on reasoning—it is impassioned argument. Mr. BRIGHT never argued; he took for granted, and asserted. As regards his style, Lord DERBY refers to it as offering conclusive proof that familiarity with the classics of Greek and Roman literature is not necessary to the formation of a pure, simple, and, on occasion, elevated English style. But MILTON, he adds, was his favourite author. The truth is that a sufficient quantity of healthy food will make a strong man. As Lord DERBY puts it, a man's style will depend less upon what a man has read than upon what he is. It may be doubted whether Mr. BRIGHT would in any case have learned much from the great writers of Greece and Rome. He was essentially a Puritan. The literature which made for edification, the poetry which was also preaching, were most to his mind. SHAKESPEARE, except in particular passages, he did not care for. There was too large and varied a human life in him to please the Quaker precisian; and the Greek and Latin poets would most of them have fallen under the same ban. This limitation of interest gave a somewhat sombre and monotonous character to Mr. BRIGHT's oratory, through the clouds of which angry flashes break, and the play of which is the play of sheet lightning. There are passages in his speeches of a gentler and

airier and more sportive character; but they are exceptions to the general tone and complexion of his oratory.

Lord DERBY finds in Mr. BRIGHT as a statesman four leading principles—a faith in democracy, a hatred of war, a belief in Free-trade, and a hostility to the union of Church and State. It is a mistake, we think, to attribute to Mr. BRIGHT any very definite scheme of political doctrine. He was not theoretically a Democrat. In one of his later public speeches he boasted that he had never, so far as he knew, called himself a Radical, and he was fond of saying that he had always been a Conservative, though not in the party sense. The truth is that though he disclaimed the word, he was a middle-class Radical of the JOSEPH HUME type, and an economist of the old *laissez-faire* school. In his earlier days he attacked the House of Lords and the aristocratic classes and the Church of England, because they were, as a rule, arrayed against him in the Free-trade and other controversies in which he was interested, and he endeavoured to enlist the working classes against them. In his later days, without publicly retracting or formally unthinking his old creed, he silently saw in them a bulwark against the new Radicalism, whose economic and social theories he detested and feared. He would have shrunk from the enfranchisement of that floating "residuum," as he called it, to which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is eager to give the suffrage. As a Quaker, he, of course, believed in the voluntary principle in religion; but he never joined the Liberation Society nor took part in the Anti-State Church agitation. Indeed, as he once hinted, the "hireling ministry" of the Dissenters was almost as objectionable as a State Church. The four leading ideas which Lord DERBY attributes to Mr. BRIGHT may practically be reduced to two—belief in Free-trade and hatred of war. The rest were either but slightly operative, or mere questions of time and place, and the relations of means to ends. Downright honesty, and a rigid political morality, a wonderful command of spoken English, a narrow range of thought, and a combative and somewhat arrogant temper, these are the principal ingredients which made up the striking personality of JOHN BRIGHT.

THE PRICE OF A TITLE.

THE vast majority of the human race have little or no concern with the sale of titles. It matters nothing to them whether a man becomes a baronet because his father was one before him, because he voted with his party, because he built a bridge, or because (a recent instance) he gave thirty thousand pounds to the provision of a public requirement. A peerage is, no doubt, another matter, because it involves a seat in the Legislature. But, considering how many men have bought their way into the House of Commons by hard cash, the ennoblement of a boroughmonger in old days or a brewer at the present time need not disturb the equanimity of the constitutional critic. Still in this country we like the thing to be done decently and in order, with a proper amount of hypocritical decorum. We are not as those foreigners who go about the thing directly, and do not throw the veil of pretence over the traffic of honour. The British Pharisee may derive some pleasure from the discovery that they are not much better in Berlin than they were in Paris. M. WILSON, whom the French call a Scotchman and the Scotch a Frenchman, has his parallel at the Prussian Court in the person of Hofrath MANCHE. There is, however, a good deal of distinction between the two cases. MANCHE has gone to prison for nine months, and a Prussian prison is not a bed of roses. WILSON, though convicted by the Correctional Tribunal, was set at liberty by the Court of Appeal, on the ground that no legal charge had been established against him. The detection of WILSON brought about the fall of his father-in-law, the late M. JULES GRÉVY. The throne of the HOHENZOLLERNS will not be shaken by the exposure of MANCHE. Nevertheless, the affair will appear a very serious one to the Teutonic mind. The Germans are not in love with social equality, and the Prussians are even less fond of it than ordinary Germans. To professional and to natal honours they cling with almost equal tenacity. Now, MANCHE has been tampering with the sacred designation of Commerzienrath, and every Commerzienrath, actual or prospective, will feel that, if these things could be done with impunity, society, so far as they understand it, or take any interest in it, would cease to exist. "I have sat by," said the outraged PELHAM, "to hear my king derided, and my

"God blasphemed. But, by Jove, sir, when the aristocracy of this country is attacked, it becomes a personal question." Commerzienraths to the rescue!

Why do foreign scandals usually begin with a pamphlet? This is not a conundrum, but a serious inquiry, which may be commended to the notice of the reflective reader. Hofrath MANCHE, "formerly Chief of the Civil Cabinet of the Emperor WILLIAM I.," was accused in a pamphlet of accepting bribes to procure titles. The pamphlet was thus undoubtedly libellous, and a libellous pamphlet often gives rise to legal proceedings, in which the party libelled naturally figures as plaintiff. But they manage these things differently in Berlin. After the pamphlet came a suit. MANCHE, however, was the defendant; and the plaintiff, or rather prosecutor, was a manufacturer named THOMAS. THOMAS, who seems to be a remarkably vulgar and foolish fellow, deposed that he wished to be a Commerzienrath, and that for that purpose he bribed one MEYER with the sum of 250*l*. MEYER, he declared, was a confederate of the Hofrath, and the two between them were to make THOMAS a Commerzienrath. It was not, however, this money that MANCHE was alleged to have embezzled, but an altogether separate amount of 1,500*l*., made over by THOMAS to MANCHE for "benevolent" objects. Here the story, like the benevolence, becomes somewhat complicated and obscure. MANCHE denied having received the smaller payment, and admitted having received the larger. Of this he said he had refunded a thousand, which seems to denude the transaction of any benevolence it might otherwise have possessed. But he "was unable to find the remaining five hundred pounds, because it had been given to the late Police Captain GREIFF to be handed to the late Countess HOCKE, Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress "AUGUSTA." What these "late" personages wanted with the coin or are supposed to have done with it is not very clearly stated. But it "transpired" that the Captain and the Countess had been connected with MANCHE before in the curious business of procuring titles for a consideration. Unless the Sovereign was himself open to offers—which is not to be thought of—some form of systematic deceit must have been practised upon the fountain of honour. Now that MANCHE and MEYER are both in gaol, and that Berlin society is "deeply impressed," a polypragmatic EMPEROR might seriously consider the expediency of making titles less common.

MR. GLADSTONE AND EGYPT.

BLUSHING has been held of old to be a sign, if not exactly of virtue, at any rate of repentant vice. Your excuse hath less credit than your blush; but it is by common consent an even more patent confession of conscious wrongdoing. So glad are we always to hail any virtuous sign in our opponents, that we are disposed to regard with some favour the curious apology for Mr. GLADSTONE's last unadvisableness with his tongue which appeared in the principal Gladstonian newspaper on Wednesday morning, if it were not for one little misfortune, of which more presently. After some common form about "nonsense," and before an extremely ingenious explanation as how Mr. GLADSTONE should have "offered contingent support" to the PRIME MINISTER ("contingent support" is good, and suggests a benevolent garotter propping up the feeble knees that he may the better get at the throat), the *Daily News* undertook to remind the public of what Mr. GLADSTONE "actually" said. He "actually" said, it seems, that "he hoped Lord SALISBURY would be able to remove the burdensome and embarrassing consequences which our occupation of Egypt entails upon us." That was what Mr. GLADSTONE "actually" said.

Was it? If it was, all we can say is that all the papers, including the *Daily News*, made a most unfortunate mistake in reporting Mr. GLADSTONE. What they said he "actually said" was, "I shall indeed rejoice if, before the time comes for the present Administration to give up the ghost [pleasant kind of "contingent support" that!], it be possible for Lord SALISBURY to make an effort to relieve us from that burdensome and embarrassing occupation of Egypt which," &c. Observe, not from the consequences of the occupation, but from the occupation itself. We are to withdraw from Egypt "before the present Government gives up the ghost," and therefore either all the beneficial things to which Mr. GLADSTONE looked forward at Newcastle—the granting of Home Rule, the bringing of the noses of the Lords to a grindstone even

more unpleasant than the other Wegg's, the reduction of the Church in Wales to apostolical poverty, and so forth—are to be postponed for the full term of another Parliament, or else we are to withdraw from Egypt before the dissolution. Now we know that (when his enemies are "in") Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that a dissolution ought invariably to take place within, rather than after, the expiration of six years from the election. That is to say, we are to withdraw from Egypt in less than a year. This is what Mr. GLADSTONE "actually" said, the other—*isn't*.

Nevertheless, we are glad to see this awkward little bit of apology, whether it be officious in one sense or only officious in the other. It may or may not be a sign of grace, it most certainly is a sign of a sense that something has to be made good. And no wonder. For the reckless, the incredibly impolitic, words which Mr. GLADSTONE "actually" used have notoriously made the very operation which he recommended, even if it were in Lord SALISBURY's mind to attempt it, infinitely more difficult than before. They have encouraged the French party in Egypt to persevere in their childish, and worse than childish, attempt to strain the capitulations, and to make every French domicile in Egypt a kind of Alsatia. They have stirred up the Turks to the renewal of their strange, and almost unintelligible, importunities. And they have done almost all over the world what is worse than this—they have revived the fatal idea that it is impossible to reckon with a fixed policy on England's part, and that foreign Powers have only to gamble, with English party jealousies for cards. There is no political student of any competence who does not know the terrible harm which this has done in the past, and the greater harm which it may do in the future—who is not aware that it, far more than the most reckless Jingoism, is the mother of wars and troubles. And, perhaps, we may take these eager efforts to eat Mr. GLADSTONE's word for him as signs that at last there are even a few Gladstonians who see this, even though their zeal may occasionally win hands down from their discretion. This was certainly the case when the apologist, pursuing his wild career, reproached Mr. STANHOPE next day for assuming that Mr. GLADSTONE had "disparaged the value of our occupation" of Egypt. When categorically, and without disguise, you call an occupation "burdensome and embarrassing," you do not "disparage its value"!

THE IRISH SITUATION.

WE confess to feeling considerable relief at the close of what may be called the period of "political mourning" for Mr. PARNELL. Not, indeed, that it frees ourselves from any irksome restraint. To belong to a party which has never either fawned upon the late Nationalist leader nor turned upon him, to a party which believed him to be the same man after the election of 1885 that he was before it, and to have undergone absolutely no change as a politician between the first and the last days of November 1890, is to enjoy the privilege of being able to discuss the dead man's character and career without embarrassment. We have little good to say of him, but then we never pretended that we had much; and what good we have to say of him—as in praise, for instance, of the unquenchable spirit and unshaken constancy with which he fought his last fight—we are not under the odious necessity of suppressing for party reasons. But our Gladstonian opponents are much less fortunately circumstanced. Throughout the week of "political mourning" they have had to struggle with the enormously difficult task of "obituarizing" with appropriateness on a departed enemy of their country, whom they loaded with adulation when they needed his aid to climb into power, and whom they flung aside with base ingratitude as soon as he threatened to become hindrance instead of help. To have to make yet another return upon themselves, and to say pretty—or decently pretty—things of him after his death, was indeed hard upon them. It was to be called upon, not only to beat Mr. O'BRIEN's record in the case of Lord SPENCER, but to double his distance, so to speak, in the time. First "character," then "boots"; that was the order of the blacking feats which Mr. O'BRIEN performed upon Mr. GLADSTONE's Lord Lieutenant; but there he has stopped. The Gladstonian performance on Mr. PARNELL is much more remarkable. Character from 1880 to 1885; boots from 1886 to December 1890; character again from December 1890 till October 7, 1891; and boots once more

from October 7 to October 14, 1891. Merely to have executed anyhow and at all this last feat with the blacking-brush is an exceptional achievement; to have done it with an appearance of sincerity and dignity would have been a simply marvellous exploit; and merely to fail in this is therefore no very grave reproach to our Gladstonian friends. But they need not have failed so miserably; their hypocrisy need not, however ignoble, have been so clumsy as to make us rejoice, as we do heartily rejoice, for their sake almost as much as for our own, that the performance has come to an end.

A week, we think, and we have no doubt it will be generally thought, is an ample period to devote to these humiliating formalities. But it is not improbable that its close might in any case have been accelerated by political events. As long as the attitude of Mr. PARNELL's followers remained undeclared—although it never, indeed, should have been doubted—it was clearly advisable for Mr. GLADSTONE's English followers to say as many civil things to them about their late leader as they could induce their lips to shape. Absurd as was the idea, there is reason to think that some of the more foolishly sanguine of the Gladstonians actually thought that there was just a chance of a Parnellite and anti-Parnellite "reconciliation at the graveside"; that Mr. REDMOND and Mr. DILLON would fall into each other's arms at Glasnevin, and that Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. HARRINGTON would vow eternal friendship. As it turned out, the literal and physical realization of this dream would in any case have been rendered impossible by the fact that there was only one set of arms at the funeral and nobody to fall into them—the uncertainty whether there would not be hustling instead of hugging if they attended the ceremony, and the strangely perverse idea that published incitements to violence may have something to do with its commission, having induced the anti-Parnellites to do their mourning at home. Yet still, of course, there might have been figurative re-union, and the two factions might have "kissed again with tears," in their respective newspapers, the day after the funeral. Instead of this, however, the Parnellites, for their part, intend, as they have clearly announced, to "go about the country" calling names. They have lost no time in issuing a manifesto to the Irish people, in which they vigorously denounce the backsliding of the seceders, and proclaim their unshaken resolve to maintain the principle of "independence" which Mr. PARNELL represented. Any tear which might still be moistening the cheek of the Gladstonian would be promptly "wiped by a little address" of this kind, though it would not be "followed, perhaps, by a smile"; and there has been a notable change of tone in Mr. GLADSTONE's only London organ since this manifesto appeared. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who had been first interviewed by the representative of a news-agency, is cited in proof of the contention that there is nothing in it, that the aims of the two sections are identical, that "the division between them, originally a personal one, is now practically nominal," with much other stuff of the same kind. In the meantime it is discovered by the Gladstonian who catches so eagerly at these words of comfort from a not wholly disinterested source, that Mr. MAHONY, and Mr. REDMOND, and Mr. HARRINGTON, and the rest of Mr. PARNELL's followers are, intellectually speaking, ridiculous persons, and quite incapable of commanding the applause of listening senates like Mr. SEXTON and Mr. O'BRIEN—it was unkind to omit all reference to the graceful and dignified rhetoric of Mr. HEALY. And, no doubt, if the fight between the two parties is to turn wholly upon talking power, a considerable body of Irishmen will always be likely to get the better of a much smaller number; but perhaps that will hardly be the determining question, after all. What has to be considered is whether the small body of Nationalists who have just issued this manifesto do or do not represent a principle which the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party have abandoned, and which may in the near future be exhibited to their countrymen by its upholders as a possession of a hundred times more value than all the windy eloquence of those who have deserted it. For the present it matters little enough whether the handful of Parnellites do or do not succeed in impressing this view of their cause and of themselves upon the Irish people, because the present is the hour of talk, and not of action. But the Parnellites need only maintain their existence and separate organization as a party until the hour for action arrives—which will be when the first attempt is made by Mr. GLADSTONE, whether before or after

the next election, to formulate a scheme of Home Rule which shall satisfy the claims of Irish Nationalism. They will then be in a position to show their countrymen what the "independence" of the faction who have sold themselves to Mr. GLADSTONE, and whom he will endeavour to sell to the Irish priesthood, really amounts to.

Their line of tactics, in short, is so clearly marked out for them by the nature of the situation, and points so plainly in the opposite direction to reunion, that the chagrin with which the Gladstonians view the prospect is easily intelligible. They feel now that there is no ground whatever for the hopes which they seem for a few days to have based upon Mr. PARNELL's removal from the political stage, and that whatever embarrassments the unhealed feud between the two sections of the Nationalist party appeared to be preparing for them are still to be apprehended. Not the least of these embarrassments is the lack of funds from which their Irish allies are at present suffering, and which there seems to be no nearer prospect of making good. The dispute over the contents of the Paris cash-box looks like to develop, as complicated by the death of one of the co-trustees of the locked-up money, into a prettier quarrel than ever. It would have been better for Mr. MCCARTHY and his friends if the effect of Mr. PARNELL's decease had been, as was originally suggested, to place his legal representatives in possession of one moiety, since that, it is to be presumed, must have been accompanied by the release of the other. It appears, however, that, as might have been anticipated, the entire fund would be treated by the French Courts as impressed with a trust, and that they would therefore refuse either to hand over any portion of it to Mr. PARNELL's legal representatives, or to give the control over it to Mr. MCCARTHY as surviving trustee, except upon the production by him of satisfactory proof that such a step would be assented to by the persons who originally entrusted the money to him jointly with Mr. PARNELL. Upon failure of such proof—and it is obvious of course that fail it must—the fund would remain at the Caisse de Dépôts et Consignations, bearing interest at three per cent., until the expiration of ninety-nine years, when it would become the property of the French Government. In that case it would at least be applied, we presume, to the honest purposes of civil administration. This would be an unexpectedly respectable end of a trust fund of which the trustors and trustees are the members and supporters of a party combined together to prosecute the ends of revolution, by the methods of spoliation, and the *costui que trust* a body of tenants who have conspired with the trustees and with each other to defraud their landlords.

IMPERIAL JINKS.

SOME ONE, as Mr. CARLYLE profoundly observed, must be the foolishlest person living. Similarly, some scheme must be the most ridiculous in the world. We do not say that there is any connexion between this general proposition and the particular fact that Mr. ASTLEY COOPER has suggested "a periodical gathering of representatives of the British race in a festival or contest of industry, athletics, and culture, supported by a British fund, and organized by a Council representing all parts of the Empire." There may be plans of which the sense and point are less obvious, where the malicious element is stronger, where the eagle spreads itself in a fashion less funny. But for ordinary purposes Mr. ASTLEY COOPER will suffice, and at all events he is good enough for us. Mr. COOPER may of course, for aught we know, be a dry wag. It may be his object to turn the solemnities of Imperial Federation into a jest—to out-VINCENT HOWARD and out-TUPPER CHARLES. If that be his aim, we may forgive his profanity in consideration of his success. Lord SALISBURY asked for a measure, and Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH for a sign. Mr. ASTLEY COOPER, like the limping demon, is willing to satisfy them. "Festival or contest" is good. It is better than mobbed queen, for which they read in Serbia queen-led mob. A festival or contest would just have suited Sir JOHN FAUSTAFF. We know that he liked the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, being a keen fighter but a keener guest. He would easily discover the precise time, the "psychological moment," the gastronomic crisis, at which to enter this Pan-Britannic Congress. "Industry, athletics, and culture" would form an admirable combination. Sir EDWARD WATKIN might be exhibited in

all three sections—here climbing his little property on Snowdon, there tunnelling at the bottom of the Channel, elsewhere drawing his immortal sketch of "Alderman COBDEN, of Manchester." Mr. LEWIS MORRIS would contribute a cantata, while who but Archdeacon FARRAR would open the proceedings with prayer? The result to the Empire would be invaluable. The Hindoo would learn to appreciate the French Canadian, the New Zealander would clasp to his arms the faithful Fijian. The Mussulman would imbibe Scriptural Christianity from the lips of the Africander, the Bengali would row in the same boat with the Australian, and the American politician would whisper his secrets into the appreciative ear of a negro from Jamaica. But, alas! BARNUM is dead, and we are not confident in Mr. COOPER's ability to run the show.

Mr. COOPER has, however, already made an important, if a rather dangerous, convert. Mr. FROUDE has written him a sympathetic and congratulatory letter. Now Mr. FROUDE is very fond of writing letters, and he is a master of polite irony. He does not always, perhaps not very often, mean exactly what he says. "I have myself," he observes, "always deprecated particular Federation schemes, knowing that they must inevitably fail." This is a delicate compliment to his correspondent, for Mr. FROUDE is usually courteous. He is not, be it observed, the sort of man to take up with any proposal that may be made him. Not at all. He has always hitherto repudiated anything of the kind. But Mr. COOPER's Henley-Lord's-South-Kensington-British-Museum for the "Anglo-Saxon" race is too much for his habitual attitude of reserve. He cannot resist that. He falls an easy prey. "The proposed Federalist Parliament is an absurdity, and the Commercial Union proposed an impossibility." There we quite agree with Mr. FROUDE. But Mr. COOPER's "Pan-Anglo-Saxon Festival" may be as good as the *Παναθηναίων*. Mr. FROUDE means the *Παναθηναία*, where the entertainments were certainly varied, and included a good deal of miscellaneous howling to the moon. Mr. FROUDE is a scholar, with some knowledge of what life was in Athens in the fourth century before CHRIST, and a man of the world with some knowledge of what it is in the British Empire now. It is doubtless with perfect sincerity, but it must be with some private comments or qualifications of his own, that he commits himself to this astounding parallel. His last three sentences, if somewhat disjointed, are amusing and instructive. "It need not be annual, if the people are afraid of the expense. It might be held every four years, like the Olympian games. The Americans would join heartily." Mr. FROUDE's classical analogy must have suggested to his mind that prudent hint about economy. We Athenians, said PERICLES, *φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας*, which may be roughly rendered, almost in the words of COWPER—"Though on pleasure we are bent, we have a frugal mind." To this complexion has Imperial Federation come—a picnic every four years. The Pan-Britannic and Pan-Anglo-Saxon festival may be dimly conceived if we can imagine the British Association, the Eisteddfod, the Indian National Congress, the Africander Bund, the Marylebone Cricket Club, and the American House of Representatives taking part in a walking-match across Salisbury Plain. It is a beautiful dream. But shall we live to see it?

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

AMONG our most venerated superstitions is the belief that letter-writing is a lost art, killed by telegraphs, post-cards, frequent deliveries, and the hurried indolence of the age. If anybody seriously holds this opinion there are various ways in which he may be wholly or partially cured. In the first place, we may easily put ourselves almost in the position of our ancestors by thinking of our own letters to and from England, India, Australia, or, for that matter, Samoa. They take longer on the road than in 1810, say, a letter took to go from London to Edinburgh. They are addressed to people for whom we suppose ourselves to care, or they would not be written at all. Yet, are they not a weariness to write, and very far from being a joy to read? We feel it a duty to get and give our pennyworths, and so it is necessary to be long. We and our correspondents bestow all our tedium upon each other in copious measure. Under the plausible pretext "all home news is welcome" we write things which it would hardly be worth the trouble to say. We ourselves when we receive a budget from the

far ends of the earth put off its perusal as long as we decently may, and perhaps only skim it after all. Probably our friends in Australia or the Windward Islands do the same.

Now the truth is that our forefathers wrote letters of enormous length, but just as uninteresting as our own. We are deceived in our general estimate by having read only the best letters, those of CICERO, MME. LE SÉVIGNÉ, GRAY, BYRON, HORACE WALPOLE. To do CICERO justice, he was not that bore, a writer of long and verbose epistles. As for the others, they are the very pick and choice of letter-writers. The common run of correspondents were no more like them than the rejected poetry of the magazines is like that of KEATS. In those old days people indited their familiar epistles on quarto, or even on folio, sheets of paper, "and the number was hideous to see." They wrote very close and small, the hands of ladies, in particular, ran away into an undecipherable multitude of m's. A few, like Miss EDGEWORTH, made praiseworthy efforts to be legible; but, as a rule, the *script*, both of men and women, in the early part of the century, was puzzling in the highest degree. Only one or two ladies of rank and ability wrote in such firm and well-shaped characters as are now common in the correspondence of women. It is not hard to understand how a man of SCOTT's energy kept up his own end of a voluminous correspondence; how he ever managed to read through the letters which he received is the real difficulty. In earlier days than ours letter-writers, having opportunities either few or expensive (and how wondrous economical of postage they were!), thought it a positive duty to prose. They said, at vast length, everything which we now take for granted. They did not cut down an anecdote to its point, but supplied it with contingent details, and hid it in a wilderness of trimmings. You penetrated to its core after wandering in a jungle of undecipherable verbiage. Any one who believes in the superstition about the lost art of letter-writing will be cured by a course of studying old correspondence in the original *script*. He will see that, whereas we now come to the point at once, if there is a point, and only say what is essential to be said, our forefathers and foremothers wandered as tediously as the Israelites through a sapless desert of quarto paper. People who could really write well then were as rare—nay, they were even more rare—than people who can really write now. A correspondent, like CHARLES LAMB, with a clear clerical hand was a very rare bird. Meanwhile one kind of correspondent is unchanged. The Bore a hundred years since was just the Bore of to-day. He invariably began by excusing his presumption. He always said, "You will doubtless be surprised at being addressed by a total stranger." He then went on, through his familiar circumlocutions, to ask for money, for jobs that he wanted done, for favourable reviews, for an opinion about his confounded manuscript poems. He demanded unimportant information which he could have found in any work of reference. He also offered uncalled for information himself; he told his involuntary correspondent about many matters generally known. He was the son of the horse-leech that he still is, and prayed for gratuitous contributions to hopeless literary ventures. The only difference was that, as he had a quarto or folio sheet to fill, he maundered at even greater length than he does to-day. For the rest, taking the common run of letter-writers, and excluding the famous exceptions, mankind were really duller and stupider, and infinitely more prolix letter-writers than they are in the present year of grace. They had less idea of when to stop, and the art of writing was far less generally understood.

A UNIONIST BROADSIDE.

IF Mr. GLADSTONE or his followers expected that his Newcastle programme would be received in silent consternation by the Unionists, they must have had more than one severe disappointment this week. There is not the least disposition on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE's adversaries to treat him like Colonel DOP—we mean Colonel CROCKETT—and to capitulate at the mere presentment of that many-barrelled gun which he has brought to bear upon them. Perhaps they think that the weapon, like that of the Colonel whose name we almost mentioned by mistake, was not really loaded at all, and that the pompous pledges of legislation on every conceivable subject were

in fact as empty as the barrel wherewith the agent sought to "accomplish that mysterious purpose" which Mr. GLADSTONE despaired of explaining to the comprehension of a solicitor. Unionist speakers, at all events, have dealt very irreverently during the past week with the now famous programme. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has said at Stockton that, if you were to ask him his opinion of the probability of its probability, he should answer that he looks upon it as "sheer humbug," and that the knowledge that any schoolboy possesses of the rate at which Parliamentary business is transacted under the most favourable circumstances would satisfy him that the programme "could not be carried out within the limits of a generation." He further suggests, and this is particularly uncharitable, that this voluminous catalogue of new legislative undertakings is designed not only to catch votes, but to divert the attention of the public from the inquiry as to what Gladstonian Home Rule means. That such an inquiry might have awkward results is evident to any one who has taken the trouble to examine the carefully ambiguous reference which was made in the Newcastle oration to the question of investing the Irish County Councils of the future—if these wonderful bodies ever come into existence—with the control of the police. Mr. GLADSTONE, says Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, is "perfectly capable of drawing a fine distinction between the term 'police' and the term 'Constabulary.'" Undoubtedly he is; and how much easier, then, will he find it to draw that distinction when he has only to put the words "Royal Irish" before "Constabulary" and the word "local" before "police."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's treatment of the Newcastle programme was even more damaging than that of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. More damaging, we say, because, unlike the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, the member for Birmingham addressed his criticisms mainly to that class of the electors for whose benefit the most seductive, or what is meant to be the most seductive, of Mr. GLADSTONE's baits has been thrown out. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke in Wales as an advocate of Welsh Disestablishment to an audience evidently containing, if we may judge from their ejaculations, a large body of persons dedicated to the same holy cause. And what he had to tell them on the subject was calculated to provide them with matter for very painful reflection. In the first place, he more than once assured them that the venerable statesman who is now raising the banner—and sustaining the *Baner*—of liberation is a very young Liberationist indeed, and, what is worse, that before he became a Liberationist he was something worse than a mere neutral; he was a positive obstructor of the movement. Had it not been for him, the demand for Disestablishment would have been introduced into the Liberal electioneering programme of 1885. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was willing, nay anxious, to include it; and it was solely in deference to Mr. GLADSTONE, to the very man who affects such enthusiasm for Welsh Disestablishment to-day—that that item was kept out of the Bill. Welsh Disestablishment has lost six years' start in the Parliamentary race, look you, through the action of Mr. GLADSTONE alone; and now, instead of figuring as an ancient and respectable engagement on the books of a new Parliament, it will appear as a newcomer, with half a dozen other measures in front of it, which, but for the betrayal of 1885, would have been behind it. When, moreover, the various businesses which must take precedence of it number two such contracts as the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, and, according to the latest Gladstonian forecast, the revolutionary demolition of the House of Lords as a preliminary step, the look out before an enthusiastic Welsh Nonconformist cannot possibly be described as a lively one. It was all very well for Mr. GLADSTONE to talk lightly of Ireland stopping the way, and of the necessity of removing the obstruction; but suppose it stops the way after much the same fashion as a Welsh mountain. A traveller of the true heroic type might propose the removal of that obstacle, and point out that it was a mere question of sufficiently energetic engineering operations. But TAFFY would probably prefer to go round.

At Spilsby, on the following day, Mr. STANHOPE fired a well-aimed shot or two at the same mark; and Mr. BALFOUR, speaking at Whittingham, in support of the Master of Polwarth's candidature for East Haddingtonshire, uttered a few words of justly-indignant protest against the use to which the question of Scotch Disestablishment is being put by Mr. GLADSTONE and the English political Dissenters. The Unionist broadside which has

been poured into the enemy's ship during the past week was completed by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at Cambridge, in one of the most telling and inspiring speeches which have been delivered for some time.

SLATE, SLITE, SLOTE, SLITTEN.

OF late years it has been common to say that a book severely reviewed has been "slated," and to call the review a "slating." This has produced the jocular phrase "a slating with slates," whose first and true author, whoever he may be, probably had no thought of committing himself to any opinion about the history or etymology of the word. But the true and strict etymology of our mother-tongue has a zealous and vigilant champion in Professor Skeat of Cambridge; and in the September number of the *Author* Mr. Skeat arose and solemnly rebuked all such as do vainly talk of "slating with slates." His censure, or at least his own account of the word, has not passed unchallenged; but of that anon. Let it be well understood that no light word of ours must be held to detract from the sincere and serious respect with which all true scholars must regard Mr. Skeat's contributions to English philology. His merit is in no way diminished if he is not infallible in points of literary history, or if now and then his high sense of duty to the language obscures his sense of humour. And now, if we be tempted to jest, we may jest with a good conscience. Mr. Skeat asserts that the verb "to slate" is the causative form of "slite" or rather "slitan," the strong verb of which the modern "slit" (once "slitten") is a weakened form. *Slitan*, *slát*, *sliten*; or as Mr. Skeat writes it for the modern public in what should have been its modern form, had it survived, *slite*, *slote*, *slitten*; signifying to tear, to rend. An excellent good verb, a most expressive verb; and if anybody will restore *slote* and *slitten* to our *slit* which lives all weak and forlorn, we shall be delighted.

But "slite" is not yet "slate." Where has Mr. Skeat found his "slait," the causal verb meaning to cause or procure to be torn? He found it in an Anglo-Saxon text which he was editing, and which talks of "slaiting" a bull, in much the same sense as "baiting," that is, setting on dogs to "slite" him. As "bait" to "bite," so is "slait" to "slite." Mr. Skeat does not give the name or date of his text, nor the actual form of the word as he found it, nor does he mention to what part of England it belongs. Perhaps he thought the readers of the *Author* were not scholars enough to care for these things; but if not, why should they care for the origins of words at all? However, the etymology is tempting, especially to slated authors. It gives the word a new and exquisite shade of censure for the reviewer and the review. For we shall observe that, according to this view, it is the editor, not the reviewer, who slates. The reviewer only "slites," rends the hapless and of course undeserving author. Thus does the reviewer, the heartless venal reviewer, at the bidding of the wicked editor. It is the wicked editor who slates the author, resolves (doubtless from motives of mere personal malice) that he shall be "slitten," and—if we may revive a good medieval idiom—lets "slite" him by the fangs of the mercenary reviewer. "To slait or slate, to let slite, cause to slite; obsolete except as applied to the conduct of editors towards authors." We humbly offer this to Dr. Murray (when he shall come to S in the great Dictionary, whereto we wish him all good speed) as rough material for a definition. A good verb indeed; why, this is a more excellent verb than the other. The ferocious but cowardly editor, setting on the curish reviewer who is the base hired instrument of his hatred; the poor virtuous author being "slitten"; this were an epitome of the woes of all the martyrs of independent literature since reviewing began:—and all in the etymology of a causative monosyllable! Truly a most comfortable verb, a verb to be taken home to the bosoms of all authors with a grievance.

But many things are too good to be true. So, perhaps, is this. We do not for a moment doubt that "slait" or "slate" would be the proper modern form representing the causative of "slite." And if we did so doubt in the face of Mr. Skeat's freedom from doubt, we should probably be wrong. There remains however a question not of philology but of historical fact. Mr. Skeat has shown that "slate," with the required sense, or something capable of producing it without violence, might easily represent his Anglo-Saxon "slait" equivalent to "bait." But has he shown that it does? Is this "slate" that "slait"? The "slate" of journalist slang is very modern, if we mistake not. Ten or twelve years ago it was something of a novelty; twenty years ago it was unknown, or known only to a small set of people. Or let us say, to be quite on the safe side, that it was not heard of before the middle of the century. Now Mr. Skeat's example of "slaiting" a bull must be at least eight centuries older. What was the word doing all

those eight or nine centuries? Let it not be said that there was no use for it, because there were no reviewers, or because they were not malicious. There were reviews and reviewers, though not so many of them, a century and more before 1850, and a century, nay two centuries farther back there were critical and controversial pamphlets in which learned men slated one another; or more properly "slote," if they did their tearing and rending honestly in their own names, and did not suborn underlings. About two centuries before the first recorded appearance of the word "slate" in this usage, there was a notable slitting-match between Milton and Salmasius, mixed up with some obscure episodes, on the Salmasian side, of slating in the strict Skeatian meaning. As for reviewers and critics having been less vicious in their biting in those days, any one who can believe it must have limited his reading with great exactness to the present century or half-century. Milton's prose works will serve as well as anything to show that slating (not with slates) went on vigorously enough in the Commonwealth time. Great also was the noise of slathers and slitters and slitten among the scholars of the Renaissance whose immense labours made modern scholarship possible, and who in their robust lightheartedness tossed at one another accusations of whole clusters of crimes. And yet Mr. Skeat would have us believe that among those who slote or were slitten in England the good word "to slate" was all this while "lying perdu on his belly," an elegant English phrase for which we could vouch a dictionary of some pretensions, if we only remembered its name. It seems a great and improbable lacuna that for eight or more centuries there should be no talk of "slaiting" either bulls or authors, and then the word should suddenly revive.

But now comes in the October number of the *Author* Mr. James Nias, and vouches Mr. Andrew Lang for a quite different explanation. Slate, says Mr. Andrew Lang, is noun first and verb afterwards; and the noun is originally "slat," a narrow board of wood with which a person might be beaten. Even nowadays we may hear of the slats of a bedstead. The verb is there, too, and well within not eight or nine but three centuries. Marston could write:—"How did you kill him?—Slatted his brains out." Having set forth these things, Mr. Nias remarks, briefly and to the purpose:—"Surely this will serve." Moreover, Mr. Lang's account of the matter, besides fitting the modern usage closer than Mr. Skeat's, leaves nothing like so large a gap in the history of the word. It may be less interesting to the philologist as not leaving room for the demonstration of normal vowel-gradations through several centuries; but then so many right statements are less interesting than the wrong ones.

And yet in a manner nobody is wrong. For, as Mr. Skeat has himself indicated, "slate" comes home at last to the same parentage as "slit," though in a roundabout way. "Slit" is identical with the old High German *slizan*, which has produced in French *éclater*, formerly written *esclater*. "Slate" is nothing but a special application of the French *éclat*, a splinter or chip. The Elizabethan and still living "slat," a board or lath wherewith one may be beaten, is obviously the same word not yet fully specialized. And so with slats, if not with slates, books that bin evil written, by doom of the most equal fates shall evermore be slitten.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

GIVEN the trivially eternal story of illicit love avenged for a subject, Sicilian peasant life as scene of action; given the frame and surroundings of this action, and the title *Rustic Chivalry*—no better musical commentary can be thought of than the sonorous architecture which Signor Mascagni has erected for Verga's life-like sketch. *Musica indovinata* it is in one word. Nor is this the only point of view from which *Cavalleria Rusticana* courts admiration; melodic designs clear as the Sicilian sky and spontaneous as the people living under its canopy; an orchestration powerful to ruggedness; a great intuition for immediate scenic effects, and a mighty breath of inspiration pervading the whole fabric—such are the merits of the work. Its general scheme places it midway between the older models and the less advanced form of lyric drama.

The remarkable book of *Cavalleria Rusticana* is due to the pen of two school friends of Mascagni—Giovanni Targioni-Tazzetti, now professor at the Naval Academy at Leghorn, and Guido Menasci, barrister; these owe it in their turn to a sketch in the famous *Scena Popolari* by Giovanni Verga, and the greatest of modern Italian novelists may well say, "If I had not written my *Cavalleria*, Mascagni could not have written his." The librettists have done their work artistically; taking as basis the dramatized form of the sketch, they have eliminated four characters out of nine, and so synthesized the action, whilst their poetry is equally vigorous and lofty.

The action is followed so closely by the music, that it is almost imperative to unite them in the same analysis.

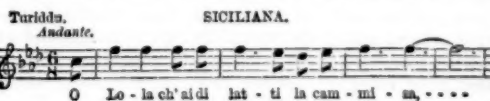
There is a background of a religious element throughout the drama: on the first step of the score in the Prelude we meet a theme tranquil and placid in shape and colour—



—which personifies this element; presented by strings and harps for thirteen bars, it gives way after a figure of six bars to a melody identified afterwards with the appeal of the love-sick Santuzza,

La tua Santuzza piange e t'implora.

The harps in rapid arpeggios sustain here first the flute and then the strings, taking up the melody one-fourth lower; another phrase follows crescendo, bringing in a fragment of the duet between Turiddu and Santuzza; and the first of Mascagni's favourite devices in obtaining effects by sudden contrasts purely dynamic or in sonorities surprises us here. At the moment when the crescendo is expected to reach its climax, it suddenly vanishes before the soft sounds of harps placed behind the curtain, and joined presently (after six bars) by the tenor voice in a delightful Siciliana:—



Hardly have its last notes died away when the phrase preceding it reappears at the same point where it vanished, fortissimo, and a rapid passage of thirty-nine bars brings us to the second theme identified with Santuzza and developed afterwards vocally.

The curtain rises on a public square in a Sicilian village; a church on one side, an inn and the house of Mamma Lucia on the other. It is Easter morn; the bells (in *a* and *e*) ring a joyous peal, and form a pedal of thirty-one bars for the first theme of the introduction to the chorus; the second theme leans as well on a pedal of *a*, the fortissimo and the pianissimo alternate with hardly any gradation, the pedal of the bells gives way to a pizzicato, and a happy use of *tempi rubati* heightens the piquancy of the waltz rhythm of this introduction. More, perhaps, than the Prelude, the first chorus gives the keynote to the charm which the music of Mascagni, *volere o volare*, exercises everywhere. A ceaseless flow of true melody, fresh, elegant, vigorous, and always interesting; the happy outlines of rhythmical designs; a firm grip in the treatment of a theme; and, above all, those devices of sudden transitions—fortissimo and pianissimo, brass and wood, *largo* and *tempo rubato*—hold one's senses positively spellbound and ever-disposed for a novel surprise.

The "postlude" of the chorus is one of these novel, though simple effects; while a pedal of *a* brings it to a close, the cadence is retarded by four chords forming an arpeggio of a diminished seventh, each grade serving as tonic for a perfect chord, and the intense sadness of these chords suffices to erase the pleasing impressions just received, and prepares us for what is to come. *On sent que le souffle du malheur a passé.* Presently from the depths of the orchestra rises a sombre and slow motive in F sharp minor—now sobbing, now despairing, now just illuminated by a ray of hope, as it passes from the lowest register of the 'cello to the violins, and alternates with flutes and clarinets—and here is Santuzza, the love-sick, the jealous, the forsaken, asking Mamma Lucia for news of her son Turiddu, the seducer:—

Mamma Lucia, vi supplico piangendo,
fate come il Signore a Maddalena,
ditemi per pietà, dov' è Turiddu.

The dialogue is here short, concise, and free from the conventionality of the regular form of recitative; the orchestra comments it admirably. Mamma Lucia says her son went to Francofonte for wine. "No," answers Santuzza, "he was seen here last night." Before any further explanations can be exchanged the cracking of the whip and the sound of bells announce Alfio, *il carrettiere*, who comes singing merrily the delights of his calling and the fidelity of his wife Lola. This solo is treated in the traditional strophe form, and the chorus accompanying it has a well-worked-out *chiusa* in imitations *a proposte e risposte*. The song itself, though characteristic and vigorous, does not somehow produce the desired effect; the modulations are perhaps too hard here, and the voice (baritone) not very well treated. In answer to a request of Alfio, Mamma Lucia says Turiddu had gone for the wine he wishes. "But I saw him near my house this morning," replies Alfio. Santuzza interposes here, and the

majestic sounds of the organ invite all to unite in prayer. A double choir intones a chant; to the exclamations of *Alleluja* respond the trombones; follows a hymn, and the *proposta* of Santuzza on which is based the remainder of the concerted piece. If the sacred strains lack here austerity, and if the facture is not absolutely academical, the melodic phrase is so broad, the sonority so intense, and the accents so sincere, that we take all this for religious fervour, *sui generis*.

But we have done here and with bucolic delights such as described in the introductory chorus, and with the loftier thoughts connected with Easter morn. The poem of passion begins and runs uninterrupted to the end of the drama. Santuzza, not deeming herself worthy of the sacred precinct, does not join the crowd of worshippers, and remains in the empty square to tell the story of her shame and torments to the mother of her betrayer. This narrative, full of tears and unspeakable sadness, is formed of three episodes and a *ritournelle*; the first purely vocal, the second commenting the voice, and the third developed from the first melodic step of the *ritournelle*, but in a major key. Santuzza is betrayed for Lola, Alfio's wife, Turiddu's first love.

... priva dell' onor mio rimango:

Lola e Turiddu s' amano—io piango, io piango, io piango!

This heartrending cry terminates the sad *racconto*; a syncopated chromatic figure, which is henceforth associated with the impending catastrophe, precedes the theme suggestive of the religious element in the drama. Santuzza sends Mamma Lucia to pray for her, and the old woman goes, commending her to Divine mercy, whilst the chromatic figure is repeated in the orchestra. A short phrase *staccato*, the very image of frivolity, precedes the entry of Turiddu, who, face to face with Santuzza, tries in vain to evade her searching inquiries. He spurns her love, makes light of her jealousy, and when the duet seems to tend towards a climax, a most impassioned phrase is cut short by the voice of Lola singing from afar a delightful *stornello*, imitated from an old Tuscan motive. This is another *trovata* worthy of the conception of the Prelude, where the religious element, the love of Turiddu, and the despair of Santuzza are so masterly and graphically depicted, and its effect is prodigious. Lola pauses, having just fanned the flame of her guilty lover, and exasperated the wretched Santuzza. The flute takes up for a moment the melody of the *stornello*, when the quarrel between Turiddu and Santuzza gains in intensity; prayers, tears, threats, are of no avail—melodic phrases connected with Santuzza's love follow one another, sublime in the expression of every sentiment they depict; but, in the paroxysm of rage, Turiddu thrusts back the girl clinging to him; Santuzza falls, and curses her faithless lover.

A te la mala Pasqua, spergiuoro!

Every bar here is a striking effect; the broad melody of a previous theme, taken up in the style of a peroration, gives way suddenly to a tremolo of six bars on the lowest *D*. At the moment when Santuzza falls down, a chromatic passage of two octaves surges from the tremolo and jumps to the highest register of the orchestra, and accompanies the curse of Santuzza with a shrill shake in sixths, leaning on a pedal of a diminished fifth. The scene closes with a motive presented fortissimo in octaves, and subsiding little by little as Santuzza's extreme anguish gives way to tears. But this is no time for crying; here comes Alfio, and in a few phrases he is apprised of his wife's treachery and Santuzza's shame:—

... Turiddu mi tolse l'onore,

E vostra moglie lui rapirà a me!

The accusation is preceded by one of the episodes of the *racconto*, and the above words are framed in the form of a short *cantilena*. The very dramatic duet between Alfio and Santuzza closes with the chromatic passage already mentioned, which rushes now like a torrent of lava as they hurriedly leave the stage.

Here is placed one of the most effective pages of the score, and, whether wittingly or no, Mascagni has synthesized both elements of his drama, the religious and the sensual; an instrumental intermezzo, with an introduction of nineteen bars, gives the first to the organ and the second to the strings accompanied by harps. This is a real piece of *musica tutta fatta*; it has to be performed simply as it is written to produce an irresistible effect. The merit here is all the greater because the means employed are of the simplest description. A short chorus of the people going home from church, a drinking song, preceded by the first theme of the introduction, the refusal of Alfio to drink with Turiddu, and then the famous realistic *sfida*, where the two men embrace and Turiddu bites the right ear of Alfio—for such are the rules of *Rustic Chivalry*. The appointment is taken, and the fight has to take place instantly; for the sake of Santuzza, Turiddu wants to live and promises Alfio to kill him.

Mamma Lucia, unconscious of any impending evil, comes up to her son, who, simulating drunkenness, asks for her benediction, kisses the poor woman repeatedly, and rushes off. In Mascagni's score, *si cammina di bellezza in bellezza*; but this scene of drunkenness is a masterpiece. It begins with a fanciful and suggestive orchestral design, and though rhapsodic in structure, the



fragments follow one another with such logic, the music is so admirably adapted to the words and to the situation, that this page alone would suffice to stamp the young composer as a master. Restless phrases run in the orchestra whilst anxiety is depicted on every countenance. One of the themes of Santuzza appears here twice augmented in all the splendour of Mascagni's orchestral power, and stops at its climax, whilst a distant rumour sustained by a tremolo pianissimo reaches our ears, and the spell is broken by a shriek from one of the women—

Hanno ammazzato compare Turiddu!

A cry of terror rises, and the curtain falls rapidly, while the sombre motive of Santuzza appears once more in all the majesty of a formidable unison, followed by the rapid chromatic passage heard first during the *racconto*.

Happy the country where veterans write like Verdi and composers like Mascagni!

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

THE Pyrenees are to Spain what the Channel is to England, supposing the Channel were tunnelled in one place and bridged in another. Napoleon found to his cost that the Spaniards were a peculiar people, ready to swarm round an intruder like so many hornets, and defended by natural fortresses from foreign invasion. The various provinces are divided by formidable mountain ridges, so that the development of railways has been singularly slow, and the more so that the national credit was indifferent. By far the best guides to Old Spain are Ford and Borrow. They tell of the modes of old-fashioned travel, before the scream of the iron horse was heard on the desolate plains and in the wild gorges of the sierras. Even now the tourist who sticks to the rail sees little of the country and less of the people. In former days the leisurely visitor merely made a convenience of the lumbering diligence. It was a fairly cheap, though terribly tedious, mode of transport from one head-quarters or point of departure to another. The very taking of the ticket and the booking of the baggage were fenced in by all manner of vexatious formalities. The diligence was proverbially unpunctual, and the chronically habitual delays were often beyond the control of the Companies. Floods of rain might wash the road into the river or convert drifting deserts of sandy dust into seas of swampy mud. Yet one was almost rewarded for the sufferings by the picturesque of the night scenes in surmounting the Guadarrama or the Sierra Morena. Everything around was enveloped in murky darkness, or only illuminated by fitful gleams of the moon or by the flashing of the lights from the lanterns and the reflections on the buckles of the harness. And there was the interminable team of jibbing and stubborn mules, urged to portentous efforts by the whip and the yells of the driver; while his ragged aide-de-camp, running alongside, kept pelting them with all manner of execrations and with stones from the arsenal he carried in his sash. It was altogether a toss-up when you might arrive at the *Parador de las Diligencias*, at the place of your destination. In Spain—in the words of the English poet—one might easily find the warmest welcome in an inn. But the reception was chilly at the best, and more especially when you knocked up the *parador* in the small hours. You were fortunate if you found warm bedding with clean sheets, for refreshment of any kind was out of the question. There were comfortable, and even coquettish hotels, kept by foreigners, in Andalusia and some of the eastern seaports. But elsewhere the inns were much as Borrow described them during the Carlist troubles—with their cold, bleak corridors, their spacious, draughty, and ill-furnished bedrooms, and their larders still more indifferently provided. At the same time, if you could hold on to the early dinner-hour, the simple *cuisine* was by no means to be despised. We know few better dishes than the national *puchero*—so named from the pipkin in which it is cooked—the product at once of patience and frugality. Some smouldering charcoal suffices by way of fuel to keep the shred bacon, the chopped sausage, and possibly the fragments of fowl, simmering

among the breadcrusts and the chick peas, with due admixture of cabbage and a strong flavouring of garlic. There were other frugal dainties, by no means bad in their way, like those cow-heels which Sancho marked as his own. But, after all, the fare you most heartily enjoyed was that which came out of the saddle-bags when on a riding excursion. Knowing that the *posadas* professed to supply nothing, you were always foraging for the commissariat as you rode along. Here you picked up a pair of chickens, there you made a bid for a string of sausages; now and then you came across a poaching *chasseur* who tendered you a rabbit or perhaps a partridge. Even in the worst-found *posadas* generally with patience and diplomacy you could procure some eggs and excellent bacon. The worst of it was the waiting while the cooking went so slowly forward; but, even if you stayed the stomach with strong cigar smoke, you brought a ravenous appetite to the evening meal. And if fleas or worse flat insects did not provoke hostilities, you slept a dreamless sleep in defiance of nightmares, although you had supped to repletion. It is true the drink often left something to desire. You thanked your stars with good reason when you had the luck to fall in with a sound bottle of Manzanilla, and you learned not to object to the smack of the pig-skin when you had the fortune to quench your thirst with the more heady Val de Peñas. The nameless local vintages, as a rule, are detestable. But in that bracing mountain atmosphere, in the exhilarating air of the Spanish spring and autumn, even the London clubman and diner-out was singularly independent of stimulants. As for the natives, partly from necessity, they are models of sobriety and self-restraint. A well-to-do Spaniard will breakfast in his bed-chamber on a cup of stiff chocolate and an *azucarillo*, a fragile sugar-cake. And subsequently he will go forward on the strength of that meal for any number of hours. We believe that the morning chocolate is desperately hard on the liver, though the biliousness is said to be corrected by the glass of water that follows. And we are inclined to attribute the decline of Spanish enterprise since the conquest of the New World to the introduction of that savoury and seductive, but debilitating and deleterious, luxury.

The rather that the rural Spaniard of the lower orders has still the energy in which his superiors are lacking. Good leading and reasonably sound statesmanship have always found materials ready to their hands. The Spaniard of the lower classes is much of an Oriental, and has inherited the manners with the tastes of the Arabs and the Moors. Grave of deportment and necessarily abstemious, he delights in gay shows and gaudy colours, and is easily excited to fierce outbursts of passion. The amphitheatre of the bull-ring which he adores shows like a tulip garden at Haarlem, where the gay flowers are brilliantly contrasted with the dark background of rich black loam. The glossy sombrero shades the swarthy complexion, the loose black velvet jacket is sparkling with buttons of silver filagree, and, beneath the snowy-white vests, to the sashes of gorgeous hues are suspended gay tobacco-bags and the deadly *cuchillo*. The *majos*, with characters for courage to maintain, are ready to ruffle up like gamecocks at a moment's notice, and then, as they say, when challenged to apologize for anything, "You get no change from me but out of an Albacete knife." That habit of taking to the knife, and subsequently to the hill, used to recruit the dangerous bands of brigands. In our own mountain rides, as it happened, we never came across the shadow of a robber, and the revolver used to be consigned to the depths of the *alforjas*; but in that land of grey rock and shaggy wood there were endless lurking-places and localities of infamous notoriety. There were lonely mountain shrines where the pious rascals used to pay their vows to the Virgin, and there was many a crucifix or heap of stones which marked the scene of some cold-blooded murder. The railways did something towards diminishing brigandage, but the institution of the Civil Guards has done a great deal more. There is no finer mounted gendarmerie in Europe, and the men are true to their salt and go somewhat beyond their orders. There is no such thing nowadays as a mutually profitable understanding between brigands and police. In a skirmish the well-armed guards go in for promiscuous shooting, and are inclined to be deaf to cries for quarter. When they do make a capture the incriminated prisoner had better be on his very best behaviour. A suspicious movement is sure to draw a shot; and whether or no casualties are of frequent occurrence when culprits on the line of march are supposed to have sought to escape. The Civil Guards might say that severity is true mercy. For the fate of the brigand sent as a "lifer" to the *tranceaux forcés* at Ceuta, where he has to toil on short commons in an infernal climate, is very far from enviable. Now Spain for many years has been settling down, and travelling may be said to be generally safe, although a merchant or a mine-owner is sometimes kidnapped. The rarity of crimes of the kind is shown by the European excitement when they chance to occur. But nothing can change the somewhat

sullen character of the people, although their impetuosity and fiery independence may be disciplined for military and national objects. "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" is the motto of the Spaniard as much as of the Scot; and so their neighbours to the north of the Pyrenees may find again, should they be tempted to stir up trouble in the Peninsula.

MONEY MATTERS.

SHORTLY after the Baring crisis, Mr. Goschen, at Leeds, took occasion, in commenting upon the dangers which the country had so narrowly escaped, to call attention to the inadequacy of the reserves kept by the banks of all kinds. He reminded his hearers that the Bank of England had been able to meet the crisis only by borrowing $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling from the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Russia; and he added that the joint-stock banks, instead of being in a position to support the Bank of England, had found it necessary to take measures which increased the general apprehension. Their reserves were so insufficient that they had to call in money from the bill-brokers, and thereby they added so much to the alarm, that the Governor of the Bank of England had to call the managers together and point out to them the suicidal character of the policy they were pursuing. Therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer concluded that, in the interests of the country, it was necessary the reserves should be increased. The public recognized not only the wisdom but the opportuneness of Mr. Goschen's remarks; and so unmistakably in his favour was the expression of opinion, that the joint-stock banks felt themselves bound to do something to meet his demands. After some communications with him, therefore, they agreed to publish accounts every month instead of, as previously, issuing them only half-yearly. The object of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in asking for the more frequent publication of accounts was to ensure that larger reserves should be kept for the future; and naturally the public generally understood that the joint-stock banks had agreed to carry out this object. Unfortunately they have not done so; for, although they have been issuing monthly accounts for some time past, they have not increased their reserves.

Last Saturday the *Statist* published an analysis of the returns issued at the end of September, which enables us to judge for ourselves how insufficient the reserves are. To begin with the greatest and oldest of the joint-stock banks, the London and Westminster, we find at the end of last month it had liabilities amounting to 25,115,000*l.*, and that the cash held by it amounted to 3,821,000*l.*, being a little under 15 per cent. of the liabilities. In other words, for every 6*l.* 15*s.* for which the bank is liable, it holds in cash only about 1*l.* Still more unsatisfactory is the position of the Union Bank of London. At the end of last month it had liabilities amounting to 15,614,000*l.*, and the cash amounted to 2,176,000*l.*, being not quite 14 per cent. of the liabilities. Still worse is the showing of the London Joint-Stock Bank. It had, at the end of the month, liabilities slightly exceeding 13,076,000*l.*, and the cash did not greatly exceed 1,173,000*l.*, being not quite 9 per cent. of the liabilities. Thus, while the London and Westminster had a reserve amounting to nearly 15 per cent., the London Joint-Stock Bank had a reserve of less than 9 per cent. of its liabilities; that is to say, that for every 11*l.* for which the London Joint-Stock Bank was liable, it held barely 1*l.* in cash. The London Joint-Stock and the Union of London ought, proportionately, to keep larger reserves than the London and Westminster; for, while the London and Westminster accepts bills very sparingly, the others accept largely. The London and Westminster is liable only for its deposits and current accounts; but the others are liable for their current accounts and deposits, and also for their acceptances. They, therefore, are exposed to two-fold dangers; and yet, while their dangers are greater, they keep smaller reserves. The three great banks we have now been dealing with are almost purely metropolitan banks; let us now turn to the banks which have numerous country branches as well as head-offices in London.

The London and County had liabilities at the end of the month amounting to 38½ millions sterling, and the cash held amounted to 4,127,000*l.* The reserve, therefore, was not quite 11 per cent. of the liabilities; that is to say, for every 9*l.* for which the Bank is liable it holds in cash barely 1*l.* Lloyds' Bank had liabilities at the end of the month amounting in round figures to 21 millions and the cash amounted to 2,712,000*l.*, being not quite 13 per cent. of the liabilities. These two great banks have numerous branches all over the country; they are exposed, therefore, to a run not only in London but in various parts of the country, and yet one of them thinks a reserve of 11 per cent. sufficient, and the other is content with a reserve of 13 per cent. It may be said—and no doubt will be said—that all these great banks are well managed

and perfectly solvent, and that, in speaking as we now are, we are running the risk of creating groundless alarm. But that is entirely beside the mark. The banks unquestionably are solvent. They are, with the exception of not keeping adequate reserves, admirably managed; they are careful in incurring liabilities, and they hold assets more than sufficient to cover all their liabilities. But the point is not could they pay 20s. in the £ if they were wound up, for no one disputes that they could. The real point is could they protect the interests of the public were such a crisis as that of last year to again occur? And we have no hesitation in saying that, were such a crisis to occur, they would be obliged to act as they did last November. Their reserves are insufficient; they would, therefore, have to increase their reserves by calling in money from the bill-brokers and from the Stock Exchange, and that would intensify the alarm, and thus throw the whole cost and burden of safeguarding the interests of the country upon the Bank of England. It is not right that this state of things should continue. Mr. Goschen sees this clearly; and we hope that, if all other measures fail, he will be prepared to legislate on the subject. But it is desirable to avoid legislation, if possible; and, therefore, it is the duty of the press to awaken public opinion to this matter, and to insist that the banks perform their duty. We will not stop to inquire now what proportion the reserves ought to bear to the liabilities; we will content ourselves with saying that what the London and Westminster does the other banks ought to do. It keeps a reserve of nearly 15½ per cent. of its liabilities. Not one of the other banks does as much—some of them do not do nearly as much—and it is surely not asking too much that all should at least meet the public demand as far as the London and Westminster Bank does.

During the week ended Wednesday night gold amounting to 292,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England, the withdrawals being most largely for Egypt. It was thought probable, therefore, that the Directors on Thursday would raise their rate of discount, but they have not done so. For the time being the American demand has greatly slackened, and the Directors apparently think that, if much more gold is not taken for the United States, it matters little whether withdrawals for the Continent, Egypt, and other countries go on or not. Besides, they probably doubt whether they would be supported by the outside market if they raised their rate. We have pointed out above how grievously the joint-stock banks have disappointed expectation in not keeping larger cash reserves, and, therefore, there is only too much reason to fear that they would not support the Bank of England if it took measures to protect its reserve. And, while the joint-stock banks are thus remiss, the discount-houses and bill-brokers are competing eagerly for bills and are cutting down rates.

Business in the silver market continues as inactive as ever. There is scarcely any demand for India or the Continent, and American speculation has stopped for the time being; the price therefore fell on Tuesday to 44½*d.* per ounce.

The stock markets throughout the week have been very dull and depressed. The chief influence affecting them is the efforts made to prevent large subscriptions in France to the new Russian loan. The whole Jewish community all over Europe is hostile to the loan, and is therefore exerting itself to defeat its success. In Germany, too, the feeling is very strong against it, and the French banks forming the syndicate have committed very grave mistakes. They have sent out circulars puffing the loan so injudiciously that they have defeated their own object; besides, many of them, to induce their clients to subscribe, offered the scrip at ¾ below the issue price. The clients accepted the offer, and immediately sold in the market at from ¼ to ½ below the issue price, thus securing a profit to themselves, but at the same time forcing the scrip to a discount. It is said that the members of the syndicate also sold very large quantities of other securities to provide themselves with money for taking up the portion of the loan that would not be subscribed, and consequently there has been a sharp fall, especially in Spanish stocks. It is reported, however, that the loan has been subscribed seven and a half times; but whether it has been placed with the public remains to be seen.

The news from the Argentine Republic, Montevideo, and Brazil also continues to exercise a disquieting influence upon the market. The Argentine Senate has thrown out the *moratorium* Bill, the Committee of the Senate to which the measure was referred having reported against it; but in the meantime the depreciation of the paper notes goes on. The attempted revolution in Montevideo has naturally caused fears of further troubles, and the wild speculation in Brazil is convincing all careful observers that a crisis there is sooner or later inevitable. The banking troubles in Australia, too, are causing anxiety. Three or four years ago there was a very wild speculation in land, houses, and mining shares. The mortgage and finance institutions lent recklessly. Since the speculation broke down, the prices of houses, lands, and mining shares have fallen ruinously,

and now the mortgage and finance institutions are unable to realize. Very many of them, therefore, have had to close their doors; and naturally it is feared that some of the banks will be involved in heavy losses, the fears being increased by the report issued about a fortnight ago by the Bank of South Australia, which had to appropriate nearly 330,000*l.* to meet past losses. Even the American market has proved disappointing. At the end of last week it looked as if the leading operators in New York had recovered from the alarm inspired by Mr. Jay Gould, and that speculation was beginning again. But this week there has been a further fall, Louisville and Nashville shares more particularly having given way. The cotton crop is somewhat disappointing, though all the other crops are now saved, and have proved to be quite as large and quite as good in quality as the most sanguine expected. Yesterday, however, there was a general recovery. At the fortnightly settlement which began on Tuesday morning and ended on Thursday evening, the rates charged by bankers to Stock Exchange borrowers ranged from 3 to 3½ per cent., which is somewhat higher than a fortnight ago, but rather because money was dearer than because of any increased demand for the Stock Exchange; indeed, after the first hour or so the demand decidedly fell off. Within the Stock Exchange rates were easy, showing that the account open for the rise has been reduced since the last settlement.

Generally the movements in the Stock Exchange this week have been downwards. Thus Great Western railway stock closed on Thursday evening at 156½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday evening of ½. North-Eastern Consols closed at 153½, a fall of ¾, and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 106, a fall of 1½; but Midland rose ½, closing on Thursday evening at 159½. In the American market the fall in prices has been heavy. Even sound dividend-paying shares like those of the Illinois Railway Company fell 1, comparing the closing on Thursday last with the closing of the preceding Thursday; on Thursday evening they closed at 104½. Lake Shore shares closed at 127, a fall of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday, and Louisville and Nashville shares closed at 80½, a fall of as much as 2½. Coming now to such shares as those of the Milwaukee Company, which for the time being do not pay a dividend, but which it is hoped, in consequence of the good harvest, will become dividend-paying. They closed on Thursday evening at 75½, a fall of 2. The purely speculative shares have all declined. The fall is heaviest in Atchisons; they closed at 44½—a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 2. Erie shares closed at 31, a fall of 1½; and Denver closed at 18½, a fall of 1½. On the other hand, there has been a general recovery in the Argentine market. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 58½—a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of ¾; the Six per Cent. Funding Loan closed at 57½, also a rise of ¾, and the Buenos Ayres Six per Cents of 1882 closed at 33-35, a fall of 2. Speaking generally, Australian banking shares have continued to give way in consequence of the crisis in the Australian colonies. Thus Queensland National Banks closed at 6-7, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 2. The London Chartered Bank of Australia shares closed at 26, a fall of ½; and the Bank of Australasia closed at 96-98, a fall of 1.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WHEN Mr. J. T. Grein and the Independent Theatre Society started into existence, we hopefully believed that they intended to devote their energies to the unearthing of works of genius by British authors whose merits ordinary managers could not discern. Nothing of the sort, however, has happened, and up to the present the progressive young gentlemen who incessantly agitate the banners of Ibsenism have given us only two performances, one of the Swedish dramatic reformer's grimy *Ghosts*, and the second of Emile Zola's lugubrious melodrama *Thérèse Raquin*, both literal translations. There was speculation enough in the managerial eye, however, this last time; for the Lord Chamberlain was invited to license the play, which, since it has been favourably received by one section of the press, is now being played nightly for money at the Royalty Theatre, where it was produced a few nights ago before a large audience expressly invited to feast upon its horrors. Possibly the I.T.S., as it is pleased to initial itself, selected the above two plays for the purpose of indicating to budding native dramatists the sort of plots they ought to select if they wish in these latter days to achieve lasting glory. For our part, we fail to see what benefit the English stage is likely to derive by the production of such pieces. *Thérèse Raquin* is the less objectionable of the two, and

Mr. Teixeira de Mattos and Mr. George Moore have made a neat enough version of it, without, however, attempting the least degree of literary elegance or style. The plot of the play, which was originally produced in Paris as early as 1873, is merely a dramatization of a murder as vulgar in its details as that for which Mrs. Pearcey was recently hanged. We quite agree it is not necessary that the *dramatis personæ* of a tragedy should belong to mythological or semi-mythological dynasties, and Thomas Heywood taught us the contrary in the days of blessed King James of wise memory. But it certainly wants something more than the dialogue of the ordinary dwelling-room and of the newspaper reporter to give a tragic occurrence in modern humble life that imaginative dignity which alone atones for its transference from the police-court to the stage. This is the story of it, as briefly related as possible. Thérèse Raquin, a young workwoman, secretly loathes her unsympathetic, crotchety, working-man husband, with whose mother the couple live, as is usual in Paris. Thérèse is clandestinely in love with a fifth-rate painter, who adores her or thinks he does. Tortured by the continual strain of concealing their guilty passion, they brood over the happiness they would enjoy when the husband is removed. Taking advantage of his presence at a water-picnic, Laurent, the lover, drowns him in such a manner that his death seems the result of accident. The mother in due time innocently persuades the widowed Thérèse to marry her husband's assassin, and she consents. When left alone, on the wedding night—which is represented upon the stage—the wicked pair are haunted with the memory of the dead man. Their love turns to hate, accentuated by hopeless remorse; and, whilst they are loudly incriminating each other, the old mother enters, and overhears enough of their conversation to persuade her that they are the murderers of her son. The horror of this shocking discovery paralyses her, and the audience behold her become deaf, dumb, and rigid in their presence. In the last act this living corpse is seen seated at the table to which it has been wheeled in a chair. It soon becomes evident that the poor woman's brain is still active, and that she is gradually recovering the use of her tongue and limbs. Her eyes follow with deadly interest the movements and words of the criminals. Suddenly she traces with great effort two words on the cloth—*Thérèse et Laurent*. This incident is undoubtedly very effective. The wretched couple now stand in fear, for their miserable lives, of this half-dead woman, who may at any moment recover and denounce them. But, with due deference to the advocates of the realistic and naturalistic school of drama, after this exciting situation the act falls to pieces from their own standpoint, and becomes theatrically tricky and old-fashioned in its method. Mme. Raquin *mère* sits at the head of her table, as we have already intimated, to the very end, stiff and glum; and, notwithstanding the fact that Thérèse and Laurent fear her tongue may be unloosed at any moment, they both squabble over the one subject most people would imagine they would least have cared to discuss in her sinister presence—the murder of her son. "You killed him!" reiterates Thérèse, as she goads the weak Laurent into a sort of fit of delirium tremens, and we are treated to an exhibition like that of Coupeau, in *Drink*; only Laurent sees ghosts instead of rats. His wife soon gets tired of his remorseful shouting and shuddering, and, picking up a knife, is about to stab him, when he turns upon her, and tries to make her swallow a dose of prussic acid. This violent scene effects the complete cure of the hitherto silent witness, Mme. Raquin, senior, and that afflicted old lady suddenly gets up and expresses her opinion on the state of affairs in no measured language. At this they both fall on their knees, and beg her to pardon them, which she naturally enough refuses to do. A few seconds after, in their despair, they poison themselves with the contents of the little bottle of prussic acid, conveniently left all the time on the chimney-piece. With a corpse to the right of her and a corpse to the left of her, Mme. Raquin *mère* reseats herself, and slowly returns to her previous stony state, muttering as she does so, "They died too quickly." Old theatregoers, as they leave the theatre and bend their steps homewards, involuntarily think of *The Silent Witness* and *The Dead Hand*, and of a score of other old-fashioned melodramas which still thrill transpontine audiences, and wonder what the progressive young men mean by treating us to such a play as *Thérèse Raquin*, which is not a bit more modern in its style than any one of them. However, be the merits or faults of the play what they may, it is finely acted. On the very young shoulders of Miss Laura Johnson falls the weighty task of impersonating Thérèse Raquin, one of the most disagreeable and difficult parts imaginable. Throughout the two first acts she has nothing to do but to sit still and knit like an abstracted Fate. Her acting in these long silent scenes is of the highest order. Without speaking, she conveys to her audience in a remarkable manner the workings of her over-active brain, by the ever-changing expression of her mobile countenance. This

was one of Rachel's highest qualifications, and both in appearance and manner Laura Johnson certainly recalls the greatest of French actresses very forcibly. In the tragic scenes which are crowded into the last acts Miss Johnson was not wanting either in intensity or vigour, but her elocution is too studied and her voice occasionally gets quite beyond her control. In Mrs. Wright we have a true artist. Nothing can be better than her quiet acting in the earlier scenes, in which she represents the French bourgeoisie to the life; and in those scenes in which she is supposed to be paralysed she holds her audience spellbound by her impressive method. Mr. Abingdon, too, deserves praise for his strong acting as Laurent. A little repression, however, would help him to make twice as much effect as he does. Mr. Herbert-Basing is an excellent Camille, the tetchy first husband of the unamiable Thérèse, and Mr. de Lange is particularly funny as the crotchety, snappish Grivet, a neighbour, introduced merely to give a little light to the otherwise gloomy picture. Mr. John Gibson and Miss Clarice Shirley complete the excellent cast to admiration.

Miss Bessie Hatton appeared this week most successfully at the Vaudeville Theatre in her father's (Mr. Joseph Hatton) excellent adaptation of Mark Twain's romance, *The Prince and the Pauper*. Founded on an apocryphal anecdote in the life of Edward VI., it deals with the adventures of that luckless young Prince when, in a boyish frolic, he changed, according to the story, his royal clothes with a little pauper, Tom Canty, who is said to have resembled him in an astonishing manner. Edward undergoes many alarming vicissitudes while he is supposed to be a London street arab of the period, and the fortunes of Tom at Court, which are not unlike those of the hero of the famous Arabian story, *The Sleeper Awakened*, are equally exciting and amusing. Of course Miss Hatton plays both Prince and Pauper, and the play is skilfully contrived to permit of her changing her clothes and identity without making too exacting a demand on the credulity of the spectators. Mr. Hatton is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which he has adapted the well-known story to the stage; and in this matter he has unquestionably surpassed Mrs. Oscar Revinger, whose version we saw last year. The situations are striking and picturesque; and the dialogue, perhaps in places a trifle old-fashioned, is, as a rule, graceful and appropriate. Unfortunately the area of the stage at the Vaudeville is a little cramped for the display of the various processions, Court pageants, and street-fights with which the play abounds; but much of the scenery is picturesque, and the staging is well managed. Intended mainly to display the rare talents of Miss Bessie Hatton, *Prince and Pauper* fulfils this purpose to admiration, although we should greatly prefer seeing this promising young actress as a girl. Miss Hatton looks charming, both as the Prince and the beggar-boy, and acts with delicious ease, grace, and distinction; but she is no more a boy as Edward VI. than is Miss Ada Rehan a man as Rosalind. She is refined, her voice is musical, and her elocution exceptionally good, and she, therefore, wins deserved applause. The cast of this play includes Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. Henry Howe, and Mr. Forbes Dawson, and the women's parts, which are comparatively unimportant, are well played by the Misses Marie and Laura Linden and by Mrs. Macklin. *Prince and Pauper* is just the kind of play to take young people to see. It is sure to delight them, and possibly make them wish to know more about pretty little Prince Edward and his stately sister, the Lady Elizabeth.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

THE Triennial "Music Meeting"—as it used to be called—held at Birmingham from Tuesday to Friday last week was in many respects remarkable. In the first place, it is a matter for congratulation that the slight changes in the arrangements and date of the Festival introduced this year by the new Committee have succeeded signally in arresting the decrease in attendance and receipts which had been noticeable at previous Festivals. The value of these performances in bringing forward new works is so considerable that it would be a thousand pities were they to enter upon a period of decline. It is also satisfactory to be able to record that the artistic success of the Festival has been as conspicuous as the financial. The magnificent singing of the chorus was the theme of universal and well-deserved admiration. Tone, attack, and execution left nothing to be desired, and it is safe to say that no such superb choral-singing has been heard in any other town, either in England or abroad. During the whole Festival there were only two occasions when the chorus was at fault. In Bach's Passion Music the intonation sank in the chorales, but this was simply because the composer did not intend them to be sung unaccompanied—a feat which is, for scientific reasons,

almost impossible to accomplish without letting the pitch drop. In Dvořák's *Requiem*, again, there was a certain amount of unsteadiness, the fault of which is chiefly to be laid at the composer's own door; for he has written passages for the unaccompanied chorus which even a tiro would have known it was unsafe to leave without instrumental support. As it was, this had to be supplied by the organ at the last moment, so that it is small wonder that the result approached nearly to a disaster, particularly as the composer is by no means a steady conductor. But with these two exceptions, the choral-singing was of the highest excellence, and reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Stockley, the chorus-master.

The four new works produced at the Festival were an Oratorio, *Eden*, words by Mr. Robert Bridges, music by Professor Stanford; a setting of the *Requiem* by Dr. Dvořák; *Veni Creator Spiritus*, a cantata (so styled in the programme, though motet would be a better name) by Dr. Mackenzie; and a duet for two sopranos, "L'Aurore," words by Victor Hugo, music by Mr. Goring Thomas. The last-named work is gracefully written and orchestrated. It is not a very important composition, and, like most of Mr. Thomas's music, is thoroughly French in character. It was sung at the first miscellaneous concert, on Tuesday evening, by Miss Macintyre and Mrs. Brereton, and some speculation was rife among the audience as to whether use was made of the original words or of Mr. Oudin's translation, both of which were printed in the programme-books. The opinion of the majority was in favour of the translation; but the incoherent way in which the singers pronounced their words made it a difficult matter to decide. The same evening witnessed the production of Dr. Mackenzie's setting of Dryden's paraphrase of the Latin hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus." The learned Principal of the Royal Academy of Music was perhaps hardly well advised in choosing this poem for musical setting. The subject is throughout uniform, and no opportunity is afforded for contrast; the necessity of working out a fugue has also led to a repetition of the last six lines of the poem throughout no less than twenty-three pages of the fifty-nine of which the pianoforte score consists, with the result that the hearer becomes tired, and the climax, when it comes, misses much of its due effect. This part of the work is undoubtedly too long; but, apart from this defect, Dr. Mackenzie's music is full of excellent writing and broad and dignified in its style.

With regard to *Eden*, it is impossible fully to discuss so important and intricate a work within the limits of the space at our command. Professor Stanford has been fortunate in not being tied down to the ordinary Oratorio librettist, who strings together texts out of the Bible with more or less congruous results. Mr. Robert Bridges is not a literary hack, but a poet, and the poem he has written for Professor Stanford has merits which are rarely to be found in "words for music." The literary qualities of *Eden* have already been noticed in these columns; but the full excellence of Mr. Bridges's work was not disclosed until it was heard in connexion with the musical setting. There are few poets living who could so successfully have carried out the idea suggested by Milton's sketch for a projected play, and fewer still who could have treated it in the spirit which Mr. Bridges has done, so as not only to suggest musical setting, but actually to assist the composer by the art with which rhythm and metre are varied in the different situations of the drama. Nor has Professor Stanford been slow to avail himself of the opportunities the poet has given him. His *Eden* is a more thoughtful, interesting, and better sustained work than any he has hitherto produced. Its extraordinary effectiveness is at once apparent; but a study of the score shows with how much care and deliberation the result has been attained. The ease with which the composer uses the modal harmonies which mark the choruses of the angels and the portions of the work where the scene is laid in Heaven is as surprising as the brilliancy of his choral and orchestral colouring in the scenes in Hell. It is difficult at first to realize that both proceed from the same pen, and this display of versatility may lead unthinking critics to consider the effect produced as "patchy." But this is precisely what *Eden* is not, as any one who studies the work with the aid of the lucid analysis printed in the Birmingham programme-book will soon perceive. Poet and composer have had from the first a definite plan before them, and have carried it out with unswerving consistency and a certainty of workmanship which is sometimes absolutely masterly. It is only natural that certain portions—such as the extraordinarily graphic second act, the melodious quartet "Adam, thy prayer is heard," or the picturesque "Vision of Adam," with its splendid Chorus of War and tuneful Chorus of All Seers—should be more immediately popular in their effect than other parts of the work, and should apparently throw these into the shade; but the musician will equally appreciate the admirable "Madrigale Spirituale," in which Professor Stanford uses the style of the school of

Palestrina with the ease of an Elizabethan composer, and the scene of the Fall, in which the figures of Adam, Eve, and Satan are characterized with wonderful ingenuity. In some respects *Eden* is a work which is likely to be more fully appreciated by musicians than by the generality of the public; but it contains so much that the most uneducated can admire, that it ought undoubtedly to attain the popularity which it deserves. As the work is announced for early performance by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, further consideration of it may be postponed until this occasion; but amateurs may be advised that their enjoyment of it will be much increased by previously mastering the scheme upon which it is constructed. This is, of course, true of every new work; but in the case of *Eden* the novelty of the subject and of its treatment renders it almost imperative.

Dr. Dvořák's setting of the Office for the Dead, which was produced on the last morning of the Festival, had been looked forward to with great interest. In his *Stabat Mater* the Bohemian composer produced a work which excelled all modern musical versions of the famous hymn, and which is not likely to be soon equalled; in his *Spectre's Bride* he displayed a wonderful combination of melody and power of picturesque colouring. It was, therefore, only natural that in a *Requiem Mass* by him all the qualities to be found in these earlier works should be confidently expected. Yet the result, it must with regret be confessed, was a disappointment. His new work is not only not equal to its predecessors, but, considered as a *Requiem*, is far below the immortal settings of the same words by Mozart and Cherubini, and even the more recent compositions of Kiel and Verdi. The execution, chiefly, as has been said, owing to the composer's own fault, was imperfect; but, quite apart from this, the work has defects which are so serious that no performance, however good, can rectify. It is, perhaps, a misfortune for the composer that he should have to be judged, not only by a comparison with his own previous works, but also with the settings of the same words by other composers; but, under the circumstances, it is inevitable that this should be the case, and judged by this high standpoint his *Requiem* must be pronounced wanting. On its own merits there is much to admire in it, and in one number at least—the quartet, "Recordare, pie Jesu"—he has equalled his predecessors and sustained his reputation. But, in spite of this, the impression produced by a first hearing of the work is that Dr. Dvořák has been overpowered by his subject, and has approached it in a spirit which has led him very near to failure. There are undoubtedly fine passages in the new *Requiem*, and the command of beautiful melody which is a characteristic of the Bohemian composer has never entirely deserted him; yet the general impression conveyed by the work is one of unrelieved gloom, and the attempt to obtain unity by repeated use of the insignificant phrase of four notes, which is heard in nearly every number, becomes at last absolutely wearisome. Further acquaintance with the music may modify this opinion; but the Birmingham performance was undoubtedly disappointing, and unless the composer makes considerable alterations in the score, it seems hardly likely that the *Requiem* will take the same place that has been deservedly achieved by his *Stabat Mater*. The latter is music for all time; while the former, it is to be feared, is only a *pièce d'occasion*.

THE WEATHER.

IN concluding our report last week, we said that the barometer was rising, and that there would probably be some improvement in the weather. But on Thursday, although it was fine during the greater part of the day over our islands and the Continent, a new depression advanced from the westward, moving north-eastward, and in the afternoon the wind had increased to a gale at Valencia Island, with a threatening appearance, and heavy rain fell at some of the northern and western stations. Friday was overcast, with showers in most districts; but it was fair in London, and temperature rose to 66°. On Saturday morning a small disturbance developed in the mouth of the Channel, and travelled across our Midland counties, causing a great deal of rain over England. A large storm area also approached our western coasts from the Atlantic, and on Sunday its influence was felt in all parts of the kingdom. Strong winds and gales prevailed generally during the day; the air was damp, misty, and close, the thermometer registering 62° at Dungeness and in London, where it rained almost incessantly during the afternoon. There were also considerable falls of rain over the greater part of Western Europe. There was an improvement on Monday; the barometer was rising, and the weather was fair at most stations. In London appearances were very unsettled in the morning, and a distinct solar halo was visible; but in

the afternoon the clouds cleared away, the sun shone brightly, and there was a feeling of frost in the air. Heavy rain fell in the south of France, nearly 2 in. being measured at Nice, and 1½ in. at Lyons. On Tuesday morning a large and deep depression was approaching us from the south-west, and storm signals were hoisted in all districts. This storm area spread very rapidly to other parts of the United Kingdom, and early in the afternoon a heavy gale was blowing in the English Channel, and a storm was raging over the whole of our islands; in London the gusts of wind were very violent at times in the afternoon, and there was a continuous fall of rain, and during Tuesday night the storm was very severe. We hear from all parts of our islands that much damage has been done to property; exciting scenes were enacted on our coasts, and many vessels were wrecked, in some cases the crews being saved with great difficulty. On Wednesday the gale was still blowing nearly all over the kingdom, and in the Channel very heavy weather was experienced. In London it was squally, and there were sharp showers of rain and hail, but the sun shone brightly at intervals during the day. Telegraphic communication has been much interrupted.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE prospects of this year's First October Meeting at Newmarket held out, perhaps, the promise of higher-class sport than is usually the case. To begin with, there was the Cesarewitch standing out as a very open race, and the public had taken to it as a speculative medium most kindly, a certain bookmaker from Australia having rather startled his confederates in the ring by the magnitude of his offers and the odds that he laid, so that this year there was little need of that finessing which has so often taken place in connexion with this popular handicap, to which the owners or their commissioners were accustomed to resort. Then besides the great handicap there were races of interest in the programme which might have significant bearing on the future. On Tuesday we were to have another peep at the sportsmanlike Italian's beautiful mare Signorina, who was such a flier as a two-year-old—such a disappointment to her owner Chevalier Gnistrelli and to Newmarket and the racing public generally as a three-year-old. To be sure she showed us at Ascot this year that she retained some of her two-year-old excellence, and this autumn by crediting her owner with the great Lancashire Plate at Manchester, value 11,000*l.*, and beating amongst others the supposed crack of this year's two-year-olds, the Duke of Westminster's Orme, a son of the mighty Ormonde. But Signorina could not maintain her reputation so recently gained. Her performance was looked forward to with intense interest by the racing public; for was she not first favourite for the Cambridgeshire? Whether Signorina had felt the effects of her Manchester race, or whether the fearfully boisterous day with its blustering wind and its driving rain caused the daughter of St. Simon to run badly, is unknown; but she did run badly, very badly, never seeming to be on terms with her field, and she finished absolutely last, Orion winning a desperate race by a head from Bel Demonio, Orvieto being third. This was a reversal of form with a vengeance, as far as concerns Orion and Orvieto; but the weather was so foul, and the going so holding, that the whole form may be utterly false.

It seems natural to have mentioned the Champion Stakes first, but there were several contests of interest on the card before it. After Prince Soltykoff's Zamet had beaten the Duke of Portland's Koorali in the Royal Stakes, we had a field of a dozen sent to the post for the Flying Welter, which Mr. L. de Rothschild's Godwit, whose form was perhaps slightly underrated by the handicapper, won with ease, carrying the not very "welter" burden of 7 st. 4 lbs. The Lowther Stakes was a new institution named after a popular ex-steward of the Jockey Club. This brought out a fair field, but the Duke of Westminster's beautiful colt Blue Green had a big pull in the weights from his not having won a race this year—indeed he had not run, as he went amiss before Ascot; if he had retained his form, it seemed as great a certainty that he would win as the result proved. He simply won in a canter, and became a favourite for the Cambridgeshire. It was the Duke of Westminster's birthday, and his two horses Blue Green and Orion each gave him a nice birthday present. After Orion's victory—for it was an open secret that Blue Green had given him a large amount of weight and beaten him in a trial—the latter became absolute favourite for the Cambridgeshire. After Mr. H. G. Beddington's Shemer won a Selling Plate, Mr. Noel Fenwick's Gantlet won the Clearwell Stakes in fine style. Mr. Noel Fenwick has truly had marvellous luck since he began his career as an owner of racehorses. This season Mimi, Gossoon, and Gantlet have credited him with valuable stakes. Gantlet is a daughter of Galopin, and both she and Gossoon were bred by the Duke of

St. Albans. It is remarkable how the Galopin blood occurs in the pedigrees of a very large proportion of the best two-years-old of this season. His sons and daughters are running well. St. Simon, of course, his brilliant son, is the sire of La Flèche and other good ones; another son, Galliard, is producing good stock, for his daughter Heriot secured the Second October Nursery for Mr. J. B. Wood, a gentleman who has got some very choicely bred mares together, and who breeds for sale. Indeed Heriot was the subject of so little competition when offered for sale last year, that her owner sent her into training, with the result that she has won two races. We have referred to Orion's game victory in the Champion Stakes, not that he is the champion of his year, though from his pedigree by Bend Or out of Shotover, both Derby winners, he might have been expected to have ranked as such. The Newmarket Oaks, two middle miles, was not productive of a large or high-class field, and it was run in such a deluge of rain that few left the stand to see the finish at the Bushes. Mr. James Joicey's Ramelton Lassie won—a popular victory, as the owner races for the love of sport, breeds his own horses, and does not bet. The Severals Plate was won by Mr. McCalmont's Suspender, a very fine two-year-old under Captain Machell's supervision. The afternoon's racing was thus very heavy, nine races being too many for even a fine day, and certainly too many for such a fearful day as last Tuesday was. Wednesday morning opened fine, if chilly; but the glass was rising and the day looked promising, though, as a matter of fact, it was a day to be remembered from the pitiless storm of rain, thunder, lightning, and hail that swept across the Heath during the racing. Probably such a fearful storm has not been experienced at Newmarket since the Cambridgeshire in Hackness's year had to be postponed for a day. On Wednesday last one racehorse, Whortleberry, and several hacks broke loose and galloped back to Newmarket; an omnibus was viewed careering off driverless, as were also two cabs. The storm, whose imminent advent was clearly discernible as the heavy black clouds with thunder and lightning swept towards the stand from the direction of the July Course, burst out with almost unparalleled fury as the jockeys were going down to the post for the Autumn Handicap. The hailstones and raging storm frightened two horses, which bolted over the rails. Captain E. W. Baird's Cordelier was much cut about and very lame, whilst Mr. Coombe's Axiom unshipped her tiny jockey, whom we afterwards saw limping across the Birdcage homewards. So much for the weather.

Racing began with a Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, in which Florrie sported the too-seldom-seen colours of Lord Ilchester, and won cleverly from fifteen others. Colonel North's Experience won the Apprentices' Plate, ridden by a boy with the euphonious name of Swash. If Mr. Swash is to rise to prominence in his profession, he had better be taught to perform without a whip for a short period, as he used it vigorously, causing his horse to swerve all over the course. The Kennett Plate, from its penalties and allowances, resolved itself into a handicap for all ages, and Lord Durham's Detective, who was meeting two-year-olds at almost even weights, easily accounted for it. This brought us to the Cesarewitch, for which, of course, there were the usual tips and mysterious rumours. The number-board showed us twenty-four runners. The great, wide, powerful Australian-bred filly Mons Meg gradually but surely became first favourite, the candid confidence of her owner, the filly's magnificent appearance, and perhaps investments from her colonial birthplace, being the cause. Morion we did not see in the paddock, and with the heavy state of the ground it seemed preposterous that he should win with 9 st. 7 lbs. St. Simon of the Rock was so palpably lame in the Birdcage that it seemed a pity to start him, and in the actual race he split a pastern and was dismounted, and was taken home in a van. The race is soon described, as Ragimunde, Penelope, and Lily of Lumley were always in front, and Ragimunde won in a common canter from the lightly-weighted Penelope, Lily of Lumley third, the mean-looking crooked-legged Hsley being fourth. It was a popular win, and the Duke of Beaufort received hearty congratulations. He always shows partiality for long-distance races, and as the winner was of his own breeding and by his honest horse Petronel, one of the few sons of the stout-hearted Musket that we have left to us, the victory was the sweeter to him. Alec Taylor is no doubt at the top of his profession at training long-distance winners. Ragimunde had shown us at the last meeting that he was thoroughly game and in form; for he had run a dead heat with, and subsequently beaten, Colonel North's Sheldrake in a race "Across the Flat," and on some of his form this year—viz. the Metropolitan and the Manchester Cup—he was the pick of the handicap with 6 st. 10 lbs. But in the summer he seemed to lose his form and looked light; however, a judicious rest and course of training enabled his clever trainer to bring him very fit to the post. He is evidently a thorough stayer—not a big horse, but a

long low one, with his back ribs a trifle light. Perhaps no Cesarewitch was ever won in easier fashion than was Ragimunde's. The selling-plater Penelope won the large stake in place bets for which "Mr. Kilsyth" supported her. Truly with Penelope and Euclid this astute owner has produced some smart selling-platers, and, if rumour is true, has won very large sums over them. Captain Machell's Goodwood purchase, Whortleberry, the last racehorse to carry poor Lord Portsmouth's colours, accounted for a selling race, but she was not retained by her stable. She, however, got loose in the storm and galloped back to her own quarters. We have already mentioned the fearful storm that burst with extraordinary violence and fury when the Autumn Handicap came on for decision. Mr. T. Jennings's chestnut filly Catarina, who remained in her box during the hurricane, won cleverly from Mr. Blewitt's Dry Toast—a very good-looking horse, but one that has given his trainer some trouble. The Stand Nursery brought out a large field, and was won by Mr. H. Milner's leniently-treated Solace, Mr. Kilsyth's smart selling-plater Euclid being second, giving an enormous amount of weight—2 st. 10 lbs.—to the winner. Well might his owner land a heavy stake on this colt early in the season in a selling race! The Select Stakes, true to its name, brought out a small but select field of four. Mr. Milner's 5-year-old Broad Corrie was the favourite, though the course was the Rowley Mile. Bumptious, however, won very easily from Melody, and his running at Derby must have been all wrong. Those who have backed him for the Cambridgeshire are now on good terms with themselves. Everybody seemed glad when the sport was over, so miserable had the weather been. On Thursday, to our horror on waking up, we found the rain again descending, so that our walk on the Bury Hills, which we had thoroughly enjoyed on the two previous mornings, which were bright though chilly, was this day out of the question. It cleared up about 9.30, only to rain all the more determinedly whilst Messrs. Tattersall were holding their sales, a very heavy downpour with loud peals of thunder occurring whilst Mr. Snarry's yearlings were being disposed of, for one of which, by the way, the Duke of Westminster gave 1,750 guineas, a filly by Hampton out of one of the famous Agnes blood—no wonder valued by the Duke when we think of the successes of Bend Or, Ormonde, and Orme. About noon the rain passed away, and, with the exception of the tail-end of a heavy storm passing over the Heath and barely reaching the stand, the afternoon was fine, though cold and windy. Racing began with the old-fashioned Bretby Stakes, which was reduced to a match between Adoration and Katherine II., who fought their Leicester battle over again; but as on that occasion Katherine II. was giving 12 lbs., and now they were at even weights, theoretically the difference in weight should have given the Duke of Portland's filly the best chance, as at Leicester Mr. Milner's filly won apparently "all out" by a length. However, Katherine II. had run badly since, and as she has been hard at it from the time she won the Brocklesby at Lincoln, it is probable that she is going off, and that Adoration is improving—anyhow, after a close race Adoration won again by half a length. A Selling Race for two-year-olds was only noticeable from the fact that Mr. C. D. Rose ran one of his numerous well-bred string, and she, Galoche by name, won. As she is by Galliard out of Lottie, by Wellingtonia, she did not seem dear at the 460 guineas Mr. J. Hammond was satisfied to pay for her. The Heath Stakes was not very exciting, Rinovata winning from what struck us as a weak opposition in quality, and the way in which the boys used their whips was an exhibition in itself.

Then came the race of the day, the Middle Park Plate, with its ten runners. Orme was the centre of attraction in the paddock, and was a strong odds-on favourite, ten to one being offered, bar one, though we believe John Porter's advice was to back Polyglot as well as Orme. Be that as it may, Orme had things all his own way, and won in a canter by two lengths, reminding us of his mighty sire's style of winning. He is a beautiful colt in every way, particularly when in action, with his sweeping, stealing stride, and we hope he may prove himself in the future a worthy son of an illustrious sire. That he has a tendency to curb, or even a curb, on his near hock is unquestionable; but John Porter is a master of his calling, and will no doubt treat it judiciously. Lord Bradford ran a very nice colt in Sir Hugo. We only wish that the owner may have a good horse again. He likes to run at Newmarket, and is one of the best representatives of the old-fashioned sort of racing man we have. Mr. Fairie's Guardian then won a Selling Race; but nobody would advance on the 500l. he was entered to be sold for, so he will still be seen in Ryan's string wearing the conspicuous orange clothing of a most fortunate young gentleman. The Ditch Mile Nursery found Mr. D. Cooper's 1,600 guineas De Retz a hot favourite, on the strength of his having run third to Conrad and Solace at the last meeting—as he then gave Solace 3 lbs. and ran her to a neck, it seemed

reasonable to suppose that, with 6 st. 4 lbs., the identical weight that Solace had carried when she beat a large field on Wednesday, his chance was a great one; but his owner said he was very bad, and did not fancy him at all. The owner's estimate of his colt's abilities, or rather his want of abilities, was the correct one, Mr. Singer's Arise winning by a neck from Lord Cholmondeley's big Barcaldine colt, Bar-le-Duc. This horse came with a rattle the last hundred yards, and had he done so sooner might have troubled the winner. Only Catherine and Yard Arm contested the Southfield Plate. Yard Arm was conceding 3 st. 3 lbs., a lot of weight at this time of year to a two-year-old that can gallop a bit—besides, Mr. Redfern's powerful old horse has, we think, of late shown a dislike to racing, and his younger opponent beat him pointlessly. Yard Arm has been a useful horse to his owner, and is now advertised to be sold for the stud at 5,000l. Whatever his value may be, we think that he will be wisely sent to the stud next season. He is one of the most powerful thoroughbred horses ever seen. A High-weight Handicap Plate was the last on the card. Though there were only five runners, the handicapper had done his work so well that it was a desperate race between four of them, Captain Laing's Lady Eveline just winning from Chloridia, with Hildebert and Galloping Queen running a dead-heat for third place. The sales at Messrs. Tattersall's paddocks were not particularly sensational; but, as is always the case, anything really well bred and promising sold well.

A notice in the papers that the Jockey Club had warned off a jockey in the North shows that they are determined to put down malpractices with a firm hand. The racing on Friday has one very important feature, which may possibly enable those who assert that Queen's Birthday should have won last year's St. Leger to have colouring given to their arguments, for that genuine stayer and Blue Green, who is really in his best form now, will fight their Leger battle over again in the Rose Plate.

NEW LIGHTS ON CAUSATION.

O VIRTUOUS Anti-Parnellite seceder!

'Tis a sorrowful reflection, we confess,
That they charge you with the "murder" of your leader—
In the columns of a patriotic press.
It is also a disheartening confession
That the fury of the people so you dread,
That you dare not join a funeral procession
Lest the broken-hearted mourners break your head.
We acknowledge, in respect of either matter,
An intelligible sympathy with you;
Only—how connect the former with the latter?
Pray explain the correlation of the two.

Deprecation of the lamentable error
Of these menaces of alienated friends
With predictions of a coming "Reign of Terror,"
You appear to fancy, naturally blends.
You object to their describing you as "hounding
Him to death" to whom your loyalty you vowed;
You complain of reckless journalists as "sounding
Trumpet-calls upon the passions of the crowd."

And that each of these proceedings is a matter
For remonstrance we can quite agree with you;
Only—does the former act involve the latter?
Or how do you perchance connect the two?

Then you say it isn't only their repeating
Of incendiary language—not at all;
'Tis "concerted action"—that, and "secret meetings,"
Have convinced you that for violence they call.
All the same, the "secret meeting" of a faction
Seems an incident of well-remembered days;
While as to what you call "concerted action"—
Well, it's not a wholly unfamiliar phrase.
But though concert is a most suspicious matter
Where there's outrage for its sequel, it is true,
Still, you have observed the former and the latter
And disputed the connexion of the two.

We had thought that if an article denouncing
Anti-Parnellites as traitors and forsworn
Had, for some of you, been followed by a trouncing
From the mob on the ensuing morrow morn,
You would never hold that "leader" instrumental
In the outrage that your dignity resents,
But discover in the two an accidental
And fortuitous succession of events.

We should look to you in dealing with the matter
All suggestions of causation to pooh-pooh,
To observe the former fact and then the latter,
And suspect no sort of link between the two.

But can it be, O eloquent O'Br-en!
O impassioned Mr. D-ll-n! can it be
That at last you are beginning to desecrate an
Antecedent in its consequent, and see
That a crime may with a cause that seems to fit it
Be connected in a way you never dreamed,
If the presence of incitements to commit it
Isn't quite the mere irrelevance it seemed?
Yes! at length no doubt you rightly view the matter,
And if mischief to your precious selves accrue,
While your adversaries provocation scatter—
Why, in future you'll associate the two.

REVIEWS.

SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.*

THE volumes in which Dr. Schliemann recorded his extraordinary discoveries, and the inferences which he drew from them, were interesting but confusing. New facts hurried up, modifying theories. The Doctor had opened a fresh field in science and history; it was not possible that he, or any one, should straightway understand all that his discoveries meant. Since he dug at Hissarlik and Mycenæ, other excavations, in Sparta, Attica, the islands, and Egypt, have illustrated his finds and increased our field of comparison. Dr. Schuchhardt, of Hanover, has, therefore, written a book in which he tries to sum up the results of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, as far as they can be understood. The work is excellently translated by Miss Eugénie Sellers. Except for such a phrase as "belongs here," Miss Sellers's style is good, and the reader is never reminded that he is occupied with a book rendered from the German. Miss Sellers has added useful references to classical authors, and to objects in the British Museum, and an account of those remarkable works of early art, the Vapheio golden cups. The volume is also enriched by an introduction, which we only wish were longer, from the pen of Mr. Walter Leaf, probably the English scholar most deeply read in Homeric archaeology. That archaeology, as Mr. Leaf says, the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann created. Before him we knew nothing, by actual inspection, of Homeric *realien*—swords, ornaments, implements. As Mr. Leaf remarks, the problems now are, "What is the true relation of the Mycænæan civilization to the Homeric poems?" and "What is its place in the development of classical Greece?" Briefly, we are inclined to reply—(1) That the Homeric poems were composed when the civilization revealed by the Schliemann spade still existed, in a form but little modified. (2) That a great interval of time and revolution separated this old civilization from the earliest culture in Greece of which we have documentary evidence. The return of the Heracleidae, as in tradition, makes a break between the Greek world as Homer knew it, and the Greek world of Archilochus. Naturally, Mr. Leaf does not agree with the extraordinary suggestion of Dr. Schuchhardt that, in the Odyssey, Thrinacia "is in reality the Peloponnesus, the home of Circe." Thrinacia was no more the home of Circe than Bayswater was; she dwelt far off Thrinacia in the Ægean sea. It is absurd to say that, in the Odyssey, the Peloponnesus "is lost in a magic mist." The poet of the Odyssey knows Malen, and Pylos, and Sparta perfectly well. Mr. Leaf says that "nothing on the linguistic side prevents our referring the Iliad to European Greece, and therefore to pre-Dorian days." His working hypothesis is that the Homeric poems "really do depict, as contemporaries, the Achæan age as they profess." They represent a state of manners and customs which must have been utterly unknown to the Ionians of the coast of Asia Minor. To credit Ionians with the authorship "not only assumes a trained historical imagination, but involves actual archaeological study, such as is absolutely foreign to the genius of a young and rising nation." So we have always argued, and we welcome Mr. Leaf's remark, as it seems greatly to restrict the area of time in which large interpolations, at least, were possible. True, Mr. Leaf would admit that the later portions of Iliad and Odyssey may be of Ionian authorship, continuations. But we doubt, on his own lines, the probability of such sequels being made in a later age. Facts may gradually convert Mr. Leaf from what we consider his extreme views about the composite character of Iliad and Odyssey; nay, had we space, we think we might show that his present position is hardly consistent with some theories of interpolation in his learned notes to the Iliad. If the *remaniements* of the *Chansons de geste* be compared with the old *chansons* themselves, we think that the difference of tone, in an analogous example, would make for our view, and against Mr. Leaf's theory of Ionian sequels. But arguments of that kind at most only suggest a presumption in our favour.

* *Schliemann's Excavations.* By Dr. C. Schuchhardt. Translated by Eugénie Sellers. London: Macmillan, 1891.

The remains in Mycenæ are of two epochs. There are the "shaft tombs," which Dr. Schliemann discovered and rifled, and there are the "beehive tombs," which were rifled long ago. There are no traces of Assyrian influence (through Phœnicia) in the treasures of the shaft tombs, there are such traces in the beehive tombs of Attica. The golden cups of the Vapheio tomb, near Amyclæ, are improvements, great improvements, on the lines of the art of the shaft tombs. Mr. Leaf concludes that, if any part of the Mycænæan age corresponds to the age depicted in the Iliad, it is the period of the beehive tombs—that is, pre-Dorian. In one respect, Homeric customs differ from Mycænæan. The dead are burned and buried in howes in the Iliad. At Mycenæ they were imperfectly mummified and buried in shafts. But the Iliad describes burials during a siege; *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. The body of Sarpedon, as Mr. Leaf judiciously remarks, is carried far off to his own people, that it may be preserved (*ταφύειν*) "with a tomb and grave-stone, for such is the due of the dead. Now Herodotus uses *ταφύειν* for the Egyptian process of mummification. Thus in pre-Dorian Homeric men may really have been buried in the graves of Mycenæ. The dress of the shaft tombs is different from Homeric dress; but that of the beehive tombs appears to have been similar to Homeric costume. On the other hand, the wonderful inlaid gold-work of the Mycænæan sword-blades is precisely what Homer often describes. On the whole, the Homeric descriptions correspond very closely to the remains of the Mycænæan age. But the remains found at Hissarlik (Dr. Schliemann's Troy) are far more barbarous:—"The dwellers on the hill of Hissarlik were at a completely different, and altogether lower, level of civilization than the royal race of Mycenæ." Yet Homer regards the culture in each case as identical. So, if Homer correctly describes the Achæans, his Trojans are quite imaginary."

We have given so much of our space to Mr. Leaf's few pages because they really contain the true gist of the matter. Dr. Schuchhardt does not appear to understand, as Mr. Leaf does, how great a gulf separates the Achæans and the Hissarlik people, whom, with Homer in our minds, we hardly care to call Trojans. Hissarlik may have been all the Troy there ever was, but her people were infinitely below the Trojans of Homer. Be Troy Bunarbashi, or be it Hissarlik, the walls of the Ilios of poetry, "like a mist, rose into towers" at the singing of Homer only. According to Dr. Schuchhardt himself, "in the golden era of the citadel" (Hissarlik) "the buildings were constructed of clay bricks." The walls of Tiryns, on the other hand, are of "colossal roughly-hewn blocks." A comparison of "Trojan" with Mycænæan gold work even more absolutely proves, to our mind, that Hissarlik and Mycenæ are of quite different periods and stages of culture. We do not believe in "the imposing palaces" of Hissarlik. If it were Troy, it must have fallen long before the swift ships of the Mycænæan Achæans drew near it.

As to Tiryns and Mycenæ, both tradition and the actual remains prove Tiryns to have been much the more ancient. The wall-painting of Tiryns—the man leaping on a bull's back—is curiously illustrated by the wonderfully advanced art on the Vapheio cups. But the wall may have been painted at a late date in the history of the building. We have no room to discuss the palace of Tiryns. As regards the women's quarters, it does not correspond to Homeric descriptions. It would be necessary, as Mr. Leaf says, to drive a doorway through the back of the *megaron* at Tiryns, and to abolish what we may call the harem, the second court, with its appurtenances. The most interesting point, perhaps, in Dr. Schuchhardt's account of Mycenæ is his contention that all the shaft tombs were not absolutely contemporary, that the signs of haste in burial were merely caused by the falling in of the slab-roofs, and that the interment of the bodies was not simultaneous. Thus we may not have here those who fell with Agamemnon in a single night, a romantic hypothesis to which we naturally lean. Apparently these cannot be the graves of Agamemnon and his company which were shown to Pausanias. In his time they must have been far under the surface. But this only makes more curious Dr. Schliemann's discovery of graves so very like a large Royal sepulchre. Dr. Schuchhardt's analysis of the contents of the tombs, his attempt to discriminate between graves of men and of women, is minute and interesting. The rings, with intaglio seals, suggest a question. No traces of writing have been found; but what would be the use of seals to men who never had to affix their signets as signatures on a document? True, they might seal up casks and even doors, but the original seals of Asia, the cylinders, do not appear to have been invented for this purpose, but for signets. As to the date, a capital "line" is got through the sword-blades inlaid with hunting scenes. Just such a sword is found in the grave of Aa Hotep, mother of Ah Mose, "who freed Egypt from the Hyksos about 1600 B.C." As to the whole civilization, Dr. Schuchhardt will not call it Greek, but an example of the elements out of which Greek life was developed, Phrygian, Carian, Egyptian, and "island" elements. But there are distinct tendencies "to a new individual growth," and proofs of Lydian and Phrygian influence. Dr. Schuchhardt is quite opposed to Mr. Leaf, and to our own opinions, when he avers that "the Homeric poems represent, for the most part, Greek conditions after the Dorian migration," but retain memories of pre-Dorian days. Dr. Schuchhardt would clearly make the poems extremely composite, and the work of very different and distant epochs and countries. Probably he and Mr. Leaf might come to a *modus vivendi*; as for ourselves, we do not believe that the

epics "were pieced together at a comparatively late period, from songs which had gradually come into existence during a period which extended over centuries." We would as lief believe the same about *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; nor do we at all doubt that any German could prove his case against Scott, or against Miltonic unity, by internal evidence only. When Dr. Schuchhardt boldly says that "ironis in Homer almost always used for tools and weapons," we marvel at his audacity. But certainly there is plenty of iron in Homer; none at all is said to have been found at Mycenæ, and, if traces of red mouldy rust had existed, we presume that they would not have escaped Dr. Schliemann's notice. Dr. Schuchhardt was, apparently, unacquainted with Mr. Flinders Petrie's latest writings on prehistoric Greeks in Egypt. Perhaps Mr. Petrie's article in the Hellenic Society's Journal may, in some points, modify his opinions. At all events, all our opinions on Homeric archaeology must await confirmation or confutation from new research in the Levant. Dr. Schliemann opened up a lost age to knowledge; he is the Homer of the spade, but every year sees additions to our information. A trace of prehistoric Greek writing would alter men's views of the whole topic, but we are not sanguine about the chances of such a discovery. Meanwhile, Dr. Schuchhardt writes very clearly, learnedly, and in good temper, and Miss Sellers's excellent translation makes his book even more valuable in English than in German.

NOVELS.*

IN *Thyrza* Mr. Gissing has written a story after so conscientious a fashion that it taxes the powers of a reviewer to treat it with sufficient care and seriousness. It may be broadly said that *Thyrza*, without being exactly a novel with a purpose, is one in which social questions of the day are discussed with courage and persistence. Mr. Gissing is supposed to be the photographer of the London poor, and in the course of pushing with his camera up slums and courts in the East End we have seen him taken to task for his cynicism and his excess of realism. To ourselves it does not appear that the author of such a book as *Thyrza* deserves any reproach of this kind. Our warning to him would rather be to avoid anything like an excess of sentiment or a too rose-coloured view of the society he describes. We are by no means sorry to see him leaning in the direction of sentiment, and if his artisans, shopgirls, and lodging-house keepers are very different from their Parisian analogues as described by, let us say, M. Huysmans, so much the worse for French naturalism. We are happy to be spared a description of the *après senteurs* of the room where Lydia and Thyrza lived. But we do think it a fault, and almost the only fault of an engaging study of life, that the good characters are all so very virtuous and self-denying, so inherently refined and lovable, while the bad characters are all so mildly bad, and so open to reform. This is not truth, although it may be a pleasanter error than the desperate pessimism of the French.

Thyrza Trant, the central figure of Mr. Gissing's book, is a very carefully-drawn study of the artistic nature developed in the lowest stratum of London life, meeting with sympathy and admiration from those more commonplace souls which naturally surround it, yet unable to be satisfied with what they supply. With great delicacy, the author contrives to make us feel that Thyrza, very innocently and helplessly, disturbs the lives of all who come in contact with her; it is a gracious touch that at the close, when her bodily force is exhausted by the weary and hopeless waiting for an ideal which can never be attained, Thyrza dies at last, not from the climax of her own disappointment, but from the extremity of joy in hearing of her sister's happiness. It is the final flower of her sweet and pathetic unfitness for life.

Of the other characters in the book, the vulgarest are the best drawn. Miss Totty Nancarrow introduces an element of humour which is refreshing; doubtless in fear of seeming to imitate Dickens, Mr. Gissing is apt to take his Alsations a little over-gravely. We like, too, Luke Ackroyd, the Lancashire lad, although he would certainly be none the worse for a stronger touch and a more vigorous "naturalism"; he is sometimes a very "kid-glove" artisan. The gentlefolks, especially the unhappy idealist and failure, Walter Egremont, are occasionally somewhat shadowy. But we must not part from *Thyrza* with even a suggestion of blame. It is a very wholesome and vivid book, stimulating and picturesque, and full of observations of life and manners. It may be specially noted that in two cases women propose marriage to men, and in each instance not merely without immodesty, but with great tact and fine feeling. Certain scenes, and among them we may especially point to Mrs. Ormonde's invasion of the crowded coffee-shop in the Caledonian Road, prove that Mr. Gissing possesses a remarkable gift in depicting sordid centres of bustling everyday life.

* *Thyrza*. A Tale. By George Gissing. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Master of her Life. A Novel. By Lady Constance Howard and Ada Fielder King. 3 vols. London: F. V. White & Co.

Haythorne's Daughter. By Paul Warren. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Picture of Dorian Gray. By Oscar Wilde. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

Two writers, not inexperienced in the art of rapidly constructing slight sensational stories, have combined to write *Master of her Life*. It is the story of a proud young Englishwoman who marries "a haughty Muscovite—without exception the most profligate noble at the Court of H.M. the Czar." The scene is laid in preposterously high life, and all the characters strike jewelled gongs, match richest shades of purple velvet to their dazzlingly fair skins, allow contemptuous smiles to play around their well-cut mouths, and let all the unbridled passion of their most licentious natures shine from their bold, black eyes. At the close of the book, most of the plot of which is laid in Russia, there is a dynamite explosion, and the libertine of the story, a certain Grand Duke, is "literally shattered to atoms." In this dispersed condition, however, "curses and anathema were hurled from his lips," and some other fragment of him had leisure to be "furious at the hand of death daring to strike at him—he, with all his rank and riches." This absurdity gives not an unfair notion of *Master of her Life*, and we cannot conceive how it can have needed two authors to produce a book so perfectly silly.

If *Haythorne's Daughter* is a first novel we are not without hope that "Paul Warren" may achieve success as a painter of social life. The plot, on which we need not dwell, is fairly interesting, although somewhat obvious and mechanical in the conduct of the intrigue. The conversations are bright without being flippant, and natural without being tedious. The descriptions of Indian life in the first volume are often so graphic that we are a little disappointed when Olive and her husband come back to England and to a less original treatment of ordinary provincial society. Never illiterate, yet never particularly well written, without any originality, but always graceful and sensible, there is very little in *Haythorne's Daughter* that calls for critical notice. The fault of the book is that, although a profusion of facts about the characters, and particularly about the heroine, are told us, yet the personages are not so distinguished as to leave us impressed with their individual qualities. The places in which they move are often vividly enough depicted; they themselves remain shadowy. This is probably the result of inexperience, and may be removed by careful practice.

In his kaleidoscopic preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, a preface made up of little fragments of coloured paradox which you may rattle into any shape you please, Mr. Wilde seems to claim for his tale consideration as a work of art, and to deprecate every other critical attitude. We are sure that he will not wish us to go beneath the surface of his book, or look upon its author in any light but that of one who desires to be, as he says, "the creator of beautiful things." We will, accordingly, waive our right to ask whether certain subjects make a suitable theme for fiction, or whether the luscious fabrication of "a New Hedonism" is condoned by the fume of sulphur in the last chapter. We may leave all this to the Nonconformist Conscience, which will probably thank Mr. Wilde for his "timely exposures" of the wickedness of high life. In the following remarks we shall endeavour, with as much candour as possible, to show what measure of credit is due to Mr. Wilde for the technical execution of *Dorian Gray*.

The story is one of the essentially fantastic order, which Crébillon *fits* and the boudoir novelists of his age may be said to have invented, in which the evolution of a modern and realistic plot is disturbed by the introduction of a single wholly incredible incident. This is a kind of story more frequent in French literature than in English, and the very type of it is Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*. It belongs to a perfectly legitimate class of fiction, but it so interweaves the threads of romanticism and naturalism that it demands extraordinary tact. The skill required is analogous to dancing on the tight rope. The storyteller tells us what we know could not possibly have happened, and he refuses us even the satisfaction of supposing ourselves the victims of an illusion. In order to keep us interested, he is incessantly entertaining us with local colour.

Let us say at once that Mr. Wilde has shown considerable adroitness in the general conduct of his story. A painter produces a marvellous portrait of a beautiful young man; the latter expresses the wish that the changes which passion, sin, and advancing age will make in his own personal appearance should be recorded on the portrait and not on himself. This wish is fulfilled, to the infinite horror of the young man. We confess that we do not clearly see why he should be so much distressed. In the *Peau de Chagrin* every fragment of the hero's action positively and obviously lessened the entire substance of his life. That was horrible, indeed; but why the fact that the wear and tear of existence is reflected on a locked-up canvas, which acts as scapegoat, and secures the hero a practical immortality of youth and beauty, should so greatly distress Dorian Gray, we acknowledge ourselves totally unable to understand.

It is not to be denied that the style in which this singular fantasy is told is careful and distinct. Its fault, indeed, is that it is too careful. The excessive elaboration of the sentences, the loaded splendour of the adjectives, is overdone. There is no repose, no reserve. The author models himself, sometimes very closely, upon Mr. Pater; but he has not his master's subtlety. The book is more interesting as an essay on self-indulgence than as a novel. Mr. Wilde appears to think, and he should know; perhaps he feels a little, though not very poignantly; he does not appear to see at all. The descriptions in *Dorian Gray* are drawn with laborious care, and with an evident desire to obtain freshness of effect through novel and violent imagery. But they never rise above still life

and *bric-à-brac*. When such a scene is attempted as Dorian's visit to the opium den, or the interview with Alan Campbell, the art of the storyteller fails him, and we do not realize what happened. Some of the rich lists of reminiscences, though out of place in a story, have a curious attraction; and it is not always that Mr. Wilde, in spite of his odd air of dogmatic earnestness—a sort of priggishness turned inside out—becomes ridiculous. He makes us laugh, however, at a wrong place when Hallward draws out a long *Don Giovanni* list, with names and coats-of-arms, of the young men of fashion whom Dorian has led astray. Finally, then, we consider *The Picture of Dorian Gray* the result of strenuous effort by an accomplished man whose true talent does not lie in the path of storytelling, but who is too clever to fail altogether in doing anything to which he has given pains. So much toil has evidently gone to the production of this book, and it is so genuine an attempt to write well in a kind in which bad writing is commonly taken for granted, that we honestly regret not being able to praise it in a more unqualified fashion.

EARLY LIFE OF BISHOP WORDSWORTH.*

THERE is, we think, but one possible objection to the pleasant volume in which the Bishop of St. Andrews has gathered up his memories of the first and what, we may hope, will be much the shorter, as it is already the shorter, half of his long life. And that objection he has parried so naturally and gracefully in his preface that it is not worth while to insist much on it. There may, perhaps, seem to be a very little of what the Laureate would call "good garrulity," chiefly about the later chapters of these volumes, and perhaps the numerous letters from friends which the Bishop prints relating to his own performances are not invariably of the first interest in themselves, or even by reason of their signatures. But this concession made to the "Ideal of a Heathen Critic," as entertained by certain friends of ours, the task of carping is pretty well over. Bishop Wordsworth was well entitled to write such a book as this. He has a most interesting history; he has known most interesting people; he has been art and part in most interesting transactions. No man living, or who ever lived, has given such a remarkable example of the English type of combined athletics and scholarship as the man who was the starter, or took part in the starting, of the Eton and Harrow cricket match, the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, and the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, who himself took a distinguished part in all three, and who afterwards composed a Greek grammar which, despite a little parochial difficulty, soon won its way to the position of the accepted Greek grammar of England, and would never have lost that position (if it has yet lost it) but for the modern corruption of Greek grammars in English. Few men have had such an opportunity of knowing the life—the undergraduate life—of both Universities as the son of a Master of Trinity, who was himself a student of Christ Church. Few, again, have had a more remarkable set of friends than Mr. Gladstone, Lord Selborne, Cardinal Manning, Sir Francis Doyle, Mr. Hope-Scott, Lord Canning, Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, and others, most of whom were his pupils as well as his friends. No one perhaps now survives who can tell the life of the public schools before the modern flood so well as this Harrow boy and Winchester master, who ceased to be even the latter all but fifty years ago. Few have had such a curious and on the whole such a successful taste of an experience not invariably productive of pleasure or profit to the person concerned, the incumbency by an Englishman of pastoral and magistral posts in Scotland. Nor are what may be called the Bishop's essentials unworthy of what may be called his accidentals. It would be invidious and unnecessary to compare him in detail with his brother in the flesh, in dignity, and in combination of theological and profane scholarship, Christopher of Lincoln. But the very fact that there is something not a little tempting in the comparison is a high compliment to the survivor.

The book divides itself naturally into three or perhaps four parts—the history of the author's youth and Oxford days, that of his Winchester mastership, a short appendix on the Oxford Movement occasioned chiefly by Cardinal Newman's letters and Dean Church's recently published work, and a collection of Greek, Latin, and English verse exercises and *jeux d'esprit*. These last, others of which are scattered through the text, are very agreeable things—now getting, alas! very rare—and some of them are capital. But need the Bishop have been so very severe on the famous and no doubt indefensible *jānuam* in Sir Walter's or Lockhart's epitaph on Maida? It was amply apologized for, and besides his Lo^s of St. Andrews is rather given himself to taking such licenses as *ferreis* for a dissyllable, *concionaturum* for a first penthemimer, *sive sciurus erat* for a last, and so forth. These things are of course not exactly on a level with *jānuam*, for which there is no authority, but to a certain extent they "grow to" it, and are not quite the rigour of the game. In so large a bulk, however (probably itself the smaller part of his composition of the kind), some latitude must be given, and some of the Bishop's verses are charming, the best being the almost famous epitaph on his first wife:—

I nimum dilecta, vocat Deus: I bona noetæ
Pars animæ: mærens altera, discite sequi,

than which there are few better modern examples of the in-

comparable terseness of Latin. Nothing shows this terseness better than the English version, excellent as it is, of the late Lord Derby:—

Too dearly loved, thy God hath called thee, go:
Go, thou best portion of this widowed heart,
And thou, poor remnant, lingering here in woe,
So learn to follow as no more to part.

Here the amplification is not surplusage, and the last line is a positive improvement; but it is undoubted amplification.

So much has been written lately about the "Movement" that we shall say little of it here. Both the writer and his brother Christopher occupied, as is known, a position apart from it, and much nearer to what is rather unjustly called the High and Dry school; and Charles, though an Oxford man, was out of Oxford during the thick of it. His strictures on its haphazard and unlearned character are but too just as to Newman, but rather unjust to Pusey; and it is still more unjust to the latter to say, on no better authority than Newman's own, that he, as well as Newman, had little liking for the Anglo-Catholic Library. Nor can we agree with the Bishop in assigning the advantage which the Cambridge High Churchmen possessed, and which was undoubtedly to some extent real, to the influence of Simeon. That influence could only produce men, like Newman himself, specially and fatally cumbered about their own souls. The real advantage that Cambridge had was that the Movement there was not either favoured or hindered by much authority, that it was free from the undue and unhealthy personal magnetism exercised by Newman; and, lastly, that it never produced or was influenced by any such featherheads and firebrands as Froude and Ward.

The Winchester chapters of the book, though in parts interesting, are more liable than any others to the charge of prolixity, though, as far as they deal actually with school matters, they have plenty of interest for others besides *Wiccamici*. All must enjoy the ingenuous manner in which the Bishop confesses that there probably was a little jealousy between himself and the headmaster Moberly (induced by the arrangements of the school, which made the second master practically supreme over the boys in college, while the headmaster specially ruled those "in commoners"), and his candid citation of the distich which Warden Barter, a very dear friend of his, made upon him:—

Custodis partes geris, atque utriusque magistri,
Wordsworth; imperium sit sine fine tuum!

The fact is that there is an altogether delightful humanity about Dr. Wordsworth. Whether he leaves a little cask of Guinness, which he had in his rooms over the porter's lodge in Tom Quad, a-running after taking a modest quencher before chapel, whence it happened that the sable liquid dribbled through the ceiling and drowned the porter with namesake showers; or tells how he and Warden Barter discovered a dilapidated tennis-court some miles from Winchester, and used to ride over to play, "taking a college boy to pick up the balls"; or recounts how he and another Oxford man resolved to show all the Germans how to row up stream through the bridge at Dresden, and didn't; or remembers how at Harrow he and Manning were invited by Jack Easy and Ned Gascoigne (he only says two middies, but it must have been Jack and Ned) to have a glass of champagne at the King's Head; how "the Doctor" saw them, but without identifying them, and invaded the hostelry; how they jumped over the hedge, returned when the coast was clear, drank their champagne, and got into their houses in time—in Wordsworth's case, he was senior boy—demurely to call over in the Doctor's own presence, or how he was really obliged to thrash the future Archbishop of Dublin, Trench, severely for throwing a quoit at his head—all these things are told most agreeably.

The majority of them, as will be seen, occur in the earlier part of the book, which is for this reason the most readable, and certainly the fullest of stories. Here (not quite new, indeed, but certainly unknown to most men who are not Christ Church, or at any rate Oxford, men) is a bundle of wonderful legends of Gaisford's laconic rudeness. This made him reply to the Master of Trinity, when he had asked for the loan of Porson's copy of Suidas, and the Master (Wordsworth) had sent it him with an elaborate letter of compliment and congratulation:—"Dear Sir,—I have Porson's copy of Suidas Kusteri, three vols. folio; and am much obliged to yourself and the College." He had much earlier, when informed, *avec force compliments*, of his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Greek by the Prime Minister (Lord Liverpool) himself, answered (which at least shows that he was not a toady):—"My Lord,—I have received your letter, and accede to the contents.—Yours, T. G." He was happier in dealing with the British parent. "Dear Sir,—Such letters as yours are a great annoyance to your obedient servant, T. Gaisford," is a model, if the British parent (anybody who likes may add the British contributor, client, literary correspondent, and what not) would only see it. For the best stories, however, it is only fair to refer to the Bishop himself; and if we partly give another—that Mr. (not yet Sir John) Gladstone said of his son:—"He has great ability, but no stability"—it is only because it has been freely quoted already in daily papers. Finally, we may observe that, while no one will think ill, but rather the reverse, of the Bishop for showing a little heat in repudiating a rather uncomplimentary, and certainly inaccurate, description of his father by Lord Houghton, it is as nearly certain that Lord Houghton meant no serious offence to Dr. Wordsworth's memory as it is probable that Dicky Milnes may have had some brushes with the Master.

* *Annals of My Early Life*—1806-1846. By Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

MAYHEW'S ILLUSTRATED HORSE DOCTOR.*

IF we cannot keep our horses in perfect health, or cure them when through misadventure they need the physician, assuredly it will not be for lack of literature old and new, written, edited, or revised by past and present professors of the veterinary science. Though the date of the first issue of Mayhew's *Illustrated Horse Doctor* escapes our memory, no one who looks through this latest edition will for a moment question the prefatory statement that since then "several works of veterinary pathology have issued from the press." It would be nearer the mark to say several score, for, judging by the woodcuts, the volume under notice must be of quite respectable antiquity; indeed a little more infusion of Lupton would have greatly improved Mayhew, some of whose remarks, probably accurate enough at the time they were written, sound sufficiently absurd to those acquainted with the tone of modern society. Our young men and women whose talk is of the horse horsey, and who, if they know nothing, love to believe that for them the stable has no secrets, are likely to be more astonished than edified by such sentences as the following:—"It is not polite in society to speak of man's most patient companion and most faithful slave." (He certainly would not be spoken of exactly in those terms, but of "gees" and "crocks" we can hear enough and to spare in our drawing-rooms.) "Boys, London boys especially, regard the stable as a place to be avoided; they view horses, not as the gentlest of created beings, but as creatures it were a breach of good manners to speak of before ladies." (Fancy a London boy—that sapper for whom nothing is sacred—being squeamish about talking on any subject.) "Woman, whose gentleness fits her for the championship of the timid horse, is, as by design, kept in perfect ignorance of her lawful possession." (We seem somehow to have changed all that.)

Some of the terms, too, are as old-fashioned and out of date as these sentiments. Our astute friend Soapsey Sponge was not born yesterday, but even he would shake his head in puzzled bewilderment over such slang as "a captain" and "May-birds"; and though the former expression is interpreted as being "any horse with a nasal discharge," no enlightenment is vouchsafed as to "May-birds." We are left to gather from the context that they are a species of hack. The illustrations have already been alluded to; for their sake, if for no other reason, this book would be worth buying. The purely anatomical drawings are as good as most of their kind; but there are very many others which are simply delightful in their quaintness and grotesque exaggeration. On the principle, presumably, that it is no use crying out *after* you are hurt, every horse, even in the very earliest stage of an ailment, is depicted as having lost all muscle, and being reduced at once to the most hopeless state of crippled attenuation. The costumes of his attendants, owners, and visitors are also very remarkable, the correct dress for a groom to wear when in the invalid's box being apparently full footman's livery with plush breeches and silk stockings; and there is a charming plate representing the dawn of convalescence after pneumonia, where the patient is being tenderly watched over the half-door by his delighted master, who has been accompanied on his mission of mercy by the French cook clad in full canonicals.

Another choice specimen from the pictorial basket is labelled "Horse prostrate from being over-ridden." Prostrate he is indeed—"stiff as a biscuit" it would be called in modern parlance—while the rider, who in his despair has thrown away his hat to a distance of a quarter of a mile or so, stands aghast at the result of his own recklessness. *A propos* of this engraving we may express our doubts whether Mr. Mayhew or his understudy were ever in the hunting-field. Men who hunt, or have hunted, don't talk about "the first few acres of a run," nor does the M.F.H.—here described as "a very ungentelemanly person with a gruff voice"—usually request his field "to hold hard and not ride over the dogs"; he expresses the same idea, but usually in different language. Vets, however, need not be sportsmen, and we heartily concur in the author's strictures against the inhumanity of the horseman who can thus ride his hunter, not to a stand—but to a *lie-still*. The restoratives prescribed for such a case are all that could be desired, but a man so ignorant or so cruel as to render them necessary is not likely to run to a chemist for ether and laudanum, or take the trouble of beating up eggs with turpentine, even if eggs and turpentine were habitually found under hedges.

The late Sir W. Gull was wont to declare that the sarcasm of "Who shall decide where doctors disagree?" was aimed at D.D.s, and not at doctors of medicine, who, he maintained with unmoved countenance, were always agreed. He must have reckoned without veterinary surgeons; for here we have a furious denunciation of "grease," commencing "This filthy disorder is a disgrace to every person concerned with the building in which it occurs"; while White, whose book of Farriery is still by many regarded as a standard work, speaks reverently of the malady, which he describes as a providential vaccination and a prophylactic against some of the direst of equine disorders. Disease of the heart is a subject on which, as a rule, our practitioners are strangely silent, if not indifferent. It may not be as common a complaint amongst horses as with human beings; but, as it is equally fatal, it is curious that auscultation is so rarely either practised or recommended. True it is here mentioned as the

surest means of detection; but what would it profit an ordinary horse-buyer to follow such instructions as these?—"Place the ear close to the left side and lower part of the chest. If any unusual sound be audible, conclude the heart to be diseased." How many of us know what are the usual sounds? The question, however, serves as a peg on which to hang a protest against two-year-old racing, a special abomination in the author's sight:—"A sin which common-sense recognizes. It not only makes unformed machinery work, but induces diseases, the worst of which is heart disease." At intervals, indeed, throughout the 495 pages composing the body of their book, Messrs. Mayhew and Lupton inveigh against our treatment of horses with a *sava indignatio* which would delight the heart of Sir Edward Sullivan. The bearing-rein, as a matter of course, comes in for its full share of abuse, and if horses are borne up as here represented, people ought to turn out into the streets to throw stones at the coachmen; but we are also credited with every species of unkindness to our animals, including that of tying them up outside houses in cold and storm whilst we revel within—a charge to which we are happy to be able to answer that, in a long experience, we have never seen any but country doctors' horses left standing at the gate, and these only for lack of shedding; even ladies when they go in to tea send their mounts round to the stable. One of the suggestions frequently urged by Mr. Mayhew would, perhaps, be ultimately beneficial to our breed of horses, were it only practicable. He tells us in effect that neither for racing nor any other purpose ought we to do real work with them till they are six years old. Possibly; but then we ought all to be rich, which we are not, and after all they would be but slow racehorses which had never been sent along before that age.

For the minor ailments which are constantly cropping up and causing trouble in stables many excellent prescriptions will be found in this volume. The treatment for thrush strikes us as the simplest and best which has ever been advised in print. The chloride of zinc lotion—3 grains to the ounce of water—is a sweet clean dressing, so is the liquor of lead which is to follow and make the cure complete. The blacksmith will be only too delighted to pare away at the frog to any extent permitted. A curious omission—unique in modern treatises on the horse—is that no mention is made of mud fever, a topic on which veterinary writers usually love to discourse at length.

ILLAHUN, KAHUN, AND GUROB.*

THE increase in the number of students of Egyptology in England of late is very remarkable. A very short time ago hieroglyphical scholarship was represented here by one name only, that of the late Dr. Birch, and Dr. Birch laboured under the serious drawback of knowing every language except his own. He could not communicate his learning, and much if not all of it died with him. But now, when Mr. Petrie is minded to have help in his perennial labours, he can pick and choose among half a dozen good scholars, without seeking to any foreigner, or even to the recognized heads of this department of learning, Mr. Renouf and Dr. Wallis-Budge. Meanwhile, Egyptology may be said to have broken out in two new places. The Society of Antiquaries have devoted more than two hundred pages of the fifty-second volume of *Archæologia* to Dr. Budge's elaborate treatise, for it is nothing less, on the papyrus of Nesi-Amsu, a priest of Thebes, who lived in the time of the first Ptolemy. It is many years since this Society printed anything of the kind. Another new departure is of a somewhat startling character. Mr. Petrie has been visiting Greece, and has published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* two papers, one of which bears as title what a few years ago would have been looked upon as the statement of a rank heresy—"The Egyptian Bases of Greek History." If any fact is better known than another as to contemporary scholarship, it is that so-called "classical" students have wilfully shut their eyes to everything Egyptian. Mr. Petrie, if he pursues the line he indicates in the Hellenic paper, is preparing for such scholars a rude awakening. It is no longer possible to ignore the close connexion between the matured civilization of Egypt under dynasties even so early as the Twelfth and the budding artistic faculties of the hitherto prehistoric races of Hellas. As Mr. Petrie says, echoing a growing feeling in the minds of all who have studied the subject impartially, "Egypt may yet have surprises in store for us." The oldest Ionic inscriptions have been found in Egypt. In a house at Kahun, which belongs to about 2500 B.C., was found "a great quantity of pottery, Egyptian, Phœnician, Cypriote, and Ægean." Mr. Petrie uses this term "Ægean" to avoid "the historical question of the race which produced this early pottery," and the local question as to whether it belongs to the Peloponnesos, the islands, or the Asiatic coast. A considerable part of the *Illahun* volume is taken up with an examination of this discovery. Mr. Petrie has been assisted by, among others, Professor Sayce, Professor Mahaffy, Canon Hicks, Mr. Griffith, and Mr. Spurrell. In addition to the assistance in producing his book which Mr. Petrie received from these eminent authorities, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Hughes helped him in his diggings, Mr. Fraser, in particular, succeeding in entering the pyramid of Illahun.

* *Mayhew's Illustrated Horse Doctor*. Revised and improved by James Irvine Lupton, F.R.C.V.S. London: Griffith, Farran, Oksden, & Welsh.

* *Illahun, Kahun, and Gurob*, 1889-90. By W. M. Flinders-Petrie. London: Nutt. 1891.

The labour involved in exploring the interior of these Fayoom pyramids, Hawara and Illahun, has been immense, but not unproductive of historical facts. At Illahun the building, of crude brick for the most part, contained a core of rock forty feet high. The whole of this core was carefully but vainly searched for an entrance. A clearing at the south-east corner looked promising, just as Mr. Petrie was summoned away. It was so far out from the pyramid that it seemed more likely that a separate tomb would be opened, but Mr. Fraser found a doorway on the north side which led up towards the pyramid. The stonework had been broken and carried away, probably, by the workmen of Rameses II., and Mr. Petrie found the name of Usertesen on a column of Rameses at Abnas. The passage slopes upwards, and leads to a granite sepulchre with a curved roof. A sarcophagus of granite, "perhaps the finest piece of mechanical work ever executed in such a hard and difficult material," was found. "The sides are cut square with the top." The measurements taken by Mr. Petrie, to the thousandth part of an inch, showed the most astonishing accuracy. "The surface, though not polished, is smooth ground to an impalpable fineness, and most exquisitely flat." A table for offerings of white alabaster was in front of the coffin and showed the name of Usertesen II. It is now, of course, in the Gizeh Museum. One cannot but grudge such treasures to an institution so neglected; and a table like this, uncatalogued and unlabelled, may well be missed by the visitor in spite of its surpassing interest. A shrine or small temple stood, as usual, on the east side of the pyramid, and some pieces of broken sculpture showed the name of the same king. A smaller pyramid, of which all the brickwork has disappeared, was assigned by Mr. Petrie to a princess, Atmunefru, whose name is new in the history of the Twelfth dynasty.

From Illahun Mr. Petrie passed on to Kahun, and there, perhaps, in his new rôle of Hellenist, his best work for that season was done. He first of all made out the whole plan of the ancient town. "This is the first time," he says with a pardonable pride, "that the complete plan of an Egyptian town has ever been disclosed." The place was divided into two parts. The eastern is nearly as long as it is wide. The Nile forms one edge, and there is a rise in the ground to the west, on which were a temple and what Mr. Petrie calls an "acropolis." A north wall was also on high ground, and here were five large houses in one place and one other. There were workmen's streets within and without the wall. "A barrack would never have been wanted here except for the pyramid-builders." It will be seen that the ruins thus unearthed are assigned to the time of the Twelfth dynasty, to two of whose kings, as we now know for certain, the great pyramids of Hawara and Illahun were built. This point is of the highest importance, because it was among these workmen's barracks that the "Ægean" pottery was found. Mr. Petrie seems to have been surprised how much the better class of houses resembled those of modern Egypt. He found a *mandara*, or public living-room, a *hareem*, and a hall with a tank, as well as other apartments which he fully describes. There were besides great rock-cut cellars or stores, one of which had at a later period been used for a family tomb. Columns, chiefly of wood, of the so-called proto-Doric type, were used to support the flat ceilings of the larger rooms, and in one place was found a painting representing "a structure more like a later Greek than an Egyptian temple." As to the pottery, we must refer the reader to the book for the long train of induction and reasoning which compels Mr. Petrie to date it where he does. There were foreigners living in Kahun, as he proves by the existence of Phœnician and Asiatic weights and measures. The "ha-nebu," or lords of the north, were already known to the Egyptians. "The only difficulty lies in Greek archaeologists objecting to any such early age for such pottery," says Mr. Petrie, thus hinting, not obscurely, that he has met with opposition, and bringing the whole question to an issue. A longer experience of Mr. Petrie will probably show his opponents that it is as well to agree with him quickly, while they are in the way with him. He is not easy to overcome. We can only be glad that it was Mr. Petrie who made the discovery of the "Mykenæ pottery of Gurob," this Ægean pottery at Kahun, and the wall-painting of the Greek-looking temple. Had these things been found by the ignorant explorers employed by the Gizeh authorities, their authenticity would have been questionable, or they would have been reckoned Ptolemaic. It is indeed truly deplorable that some diplomatic fad should have handed over the antiquities of Egypt to the present utterly incompetent hands. The whole of last season, and an enormous sum of money, were spent in bullying the unfortunate natives, and in bringing up to the Gizeh museum some two hundred mummies of the latest period, and of no historical or antiquarian value. Meanwhile Mr. Petrie, going over ground they had spent two years grubbing in vain, discovered the temple of Seneferu, adjoining that king's pyramid, and added at least one link more to the long chain of ancient evidence as to the identity and succession of the kings before Cheops. We are glad to see that he is at work on a book about these most interesting and valuable discoveries at Maydoom, made with privately subscribed funds, while the French authorities were squandering thousands upon thousands of pounds of the public grant, and of the subscriptions of English tourists, and doing absolutely nothing, except disturbing the burial places of the last priests of "Immen," as the French call Amen Ra. It is, at any rate, satisfactory to hear that the finds made by Mr. Petrie this year are not of a kind to enrich any further the

heterogeneous storehouses at Gizeh. Uncatalogued and undescribed treasures are valueless. The altar of Usertesen might as well have remained in his pyramid at Illahun for any use it is to science at Gizeh.

Mr. Petrie is inclined to date the Twelfth dynasty, of which this Usertesen was the fourth king, at about 2500 B.C. This remote date is well supported by collateral discoveries, but will wholly upset the received chronologies of Greek scholars. It is curious to observe in a writer so scrupulously exact as Mr. Petrie an unaccountable inconsistency as to the spelling of names, both Arabic and hieroglyphic. Why should he write Ghizeh and not Ghurob? The Arabic initial is the same, and ought to be pronounced as our J in both names, only that in the vulgar tongue of Egypt they pronounce the Geem as in "get," not as in "gem." In his kings' names he gives us "Ramessu" always instead of the conventional "Rameses," which is now too old and familiar to be lightly superseded. No doubt Ramessu has a flavour of grammatical form, but why not Kahunu, or Illahunu, or Gurobu? In each name, grammatically written, the nominative case ends in u or oo. We can quite understand his revolt from the modern French system, if system it can be called, which Dr. Budge mildly characterizes as having "difficulties and disadvantages." We have followed Mr. Petrie in "Illahun" and "Kahun," but the Arabs say "Illahoon" and "Kahoon," the final syllable being as long as possible. So, too, we perceive that Mr. Petrie writes "Medum." But the Arabs say "Maydoom," both syllables being long. These are, after all, very minor faults. The fact remains that we have in Mr. Petrie an Egyptologist worthy of the country which produced Young and Birch and Godwin in the past, and which promises to lead the way in future discovery in spite of all diplomatic and international rivalry and discouragement.

THE HANDBOOK OF JAMAICA.*

JAMAICA may be congratulated upon possessing an official Handbook which leaves hardly anything to be suggested as to the variety and extent of its information. It is much to be wished that those who really desire to make themselves acquainted with the history and prospects of the island would go at once to this authoritative source, instead of gathering faulty impressions from the highly-coloured pages of travelling book-makers. It is now in the eleventh year of its age, and each year has naturally added something to its interest and improvement. Fortunately there is plenty of new matter to chronicle, for the energy of Sir Henry Blake has given a fresh impulse to almost every department, and a few years of such determined progress will win back to the island a large measure of its former prosperity. In the present edition of the Handbook a full account is given of the beginnings and successful termination of the project of the Jamaica Exhibition, which has been, of course, the chief event of the year, and the balance-sheet of the Executive Committee is appended to their Report. It appears that the total deficit is 31,137*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; but of this sum 26,619*l.* 10*s.* is covered by guarantors, so that the net deficit is 4,518*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, against which the value of the Exhibition buildings and appurtenance has to be placed. The Committee add that, "although the Exhibition failed to pay its expenses, it cannot be denied that in every other respect it was a complete success, attracting numbers of people to the island, instructing our peasantry as a splendid object-lesson, and calling the attention of buyers, sellers, and investors in Europe and America to the varied products and capacities of the soil and the beauty of the climate and scenery of our island." According to the census of April last, the population of Jamaica was 639,491, or 56,681 in excess of the population of 1881, and 133,337 in excess of 1871. Since 1885 until the present year coolie immigration appears to have ceased, while during the same period 1,772 coolies have returned to India carrying with them in bills of exchange 22,791*l.* 19*s.* 7*d.*, besides a large amount of silver and gold jewelry and gold coins, gold being at a large premium in India. It is satisfactory to find that 1,000 coolies have now been ordered, and that a portion of this number has recently arrived, though the actual number is not stated. The East Indian population now in the island is given as 12,367. The revenue for the current financial year is estimated to yield 619,676*l.*; and the estimated surplus is 172,151*l.* The chief items which contribute to this large revenue are import duties, rum duties, stamps and postal revenues, and the larger receipts under these heads are due to the great increase of trade and general prosperity which has existed during the year.

It is worthy of remark that the West Indies are no longer content with the plants and products transmitted from former generations; but in all the more prosperous islands experiments are being constantly made as to introducing and propagating the plants most suitable to the climate and soil, and arrangements carried out for the dissemination of the knowledge requisite to cultivate the products of each island to the best advantage. In Barbados most useful information has been obtained at the Government station of Dodd's Reformatory, and probably another station in a higher situation will shortly be available for more extended operations. In Jamaica the Department of Gardens and Plantations is especially active, and its sphere of labour rapidly in-

* *The Handbook of Jamaica for 1891-92.* Published by authority. By S. P. Musson and T. Laurence Roxburgh. London: Edward Stanford. Jamaica: Government Printing Establishment.

creasing. The Botanic Gardens at Castleton, in the parish of St. Mary, contains an immense collection of native and foreign tropical plants, and a more beautiful spot could hardly be imagined. The Wag-water River rushes through the bottom of the garden, and imparts an agreeable sound of coolness, though the mean temperature is 76° Fahr. An immense variety of orchids, both from the East and West Indies, flourish in the grounds, and almost every species of the palm is to be found there. Plants likely to be useful to the community, such as cocoa, rubber-plants, nutmeg, clove, black pepper, mango, vanilla, cardamom, sarsaparilla, cinnamon, Liberian coffee, &c., and many varieties of each, are cultivated in large nurseries. In a different direction, and on the slopes of the Blue Mountains, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, and with a mean temperature of 63° Fahr., is the Government cinchona plantation. This comprises 143 acres under cinchona, besides about seven acres under tea, and nurseries for timber and shade-trees. Nearer Kingston is the Hope Garden, which is intended to be made the chief botanic garden of the island. It contains 220 acres; but until lately only 13 acres were under cultivation. The ground has now, however, been to a great extent cleared of bush and trees, and carriage-drives of a total length of more than two miles have been laid out; but it will naturally take some years before much advance can be perceived. Nor have the older gardens—one of which was established in 1774—been neglected by the department. The steady progress of the railway is also an event to be noted, and in January last a section of 12½ miles beyond Porus was formally added to the existing line. This extension has not yet been marked upon the excellent map which during the last few years has accompanied the Handbook.

While Jamaica thus affords to its visitors this admirable compendium of general information, it is singular that in Kingston itself there should be an entire absence of a common centre where news can be exchanged, and more precise details obtained. There is a Club, it is true, but it is not largely frequented in the daytime, and by no means fills the want specified. In Barbados, and in others of the islands, there is an excellent ice-house, where a stranger on landing can not only quench his tropical thirst by every kind of drink, innocuous and otherwise, but can read all the telegrams, see the dates of the arrival and departure of the steamers, with the names of the passengers, and in five minutes discover without difficulty anything he wishes to know. In Kingston it is not so, and information has to be laboriously compiled, often from untrustworthy sources, causing great inconvenience, and often unnecessary delay, to the traveller. Probably this omission will be supplied before long if the present rate of progress is maintained; and such an institution would be a worthy object for the energies of the able directors of the railway.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. MILES has put forth two more volumes of his nineteenth-century English anthology, which in order of time come between those other two noticed here some months ago. We then expressed our regret that the editor did not confine himself to making an adequate and duly proportioned selection from those poets who have little chance of being read otherwise than in selections, and yet do not deserve to be forgotten. These volumes confirm our opinion. It is very well for the editor to say that he has aimed at full representation. But when Keats and Shelley get almost eighty pages apiece, and Southey almost seventy, and Byron more than a hundred, how is full justice to be done to Barnes, and Hood, and Horne, and Leigh Hunt, and Lamb? If we want a few picked specimens of the greater masters, the *Golden Treasury* has done the thing already, and so well that one may say it is done once for all. If we want more, it is quite as easy to read them in their whole works as in this mixed company, and to a reader of any judgment it is more satisfying to choose at large for himself. As to Southey, however, we do not deny that Mr. Miles may be justified, for it is certain that this generation does not read Southey. Nor can there be any diffidence or delicacy at this time of day in avowing that Southey, with all his admirable qualities as a man of letters, did not attain the first rank in poetry. But it is hard to believe that there is much room left for Mr. Miles to lead any class of readers to Shelley and Keats. Besides, there is always a certain risk of corruption in reprinting; and the best known texts are likely to fare the worst. It is true that, according to Mr. Miles's general preface, "no pains have been spared to render the text absolutely accurate." But it is also true, by the witness of our eyes, that the first line of Byron's "Prometheus," as now reprinted, reads thus:—

Titan! to whose immortal eyes . . .

What is more, and worse, the blunder is repeated in the second strophe. Can it be that the printer's reader was gifted with so fatal an allowance of little knowledge that he had heard of *Titan* but had never heard of a *Titan*? Anyhow, somebody's pains were sadly to seek when this page was marked for press. It may be that this is a solitary or almost solitary monster; but we confess that it goes far to shake our faith in the general accuracy of the work when we find that in a specially conspicuous place the

text has been rendered anything but accurate; and we cannot be expected to collate hundreds of pages in order to remove our doubts.

Yet, when all is said, we are indebted to Mr. Miles's work for preserving fairly representative samples of a certain number of English poets who can hardly be expected to live in bulk for any practical purpose, and whom nevertheless our age ought not wholly to let die. We think there has been excess of charity in some few places. Mr. Miles does not appear to us to have drawn a sufficiently clear distinction in his own mind between those writers who, with limited aims, achieved real excellence in what they aimed at, those whose execution was imperfect or unequal in the mass of their work, but whose work still had a distinct character, and who now and again greatly surpassed themselves, and those who merely tried to do the same things as their betters, and failed not absurdly or ignominiously, but still did fail without redeeming felicities. We shall not name any names in this last kind; where no extravagant claims are put forward, there is no need for specific censure which, for aught we know, might give pain to persons still living. The judicious reader who turns over these volumes will easily see what we mean. In the first class we have mentioned Beddoes may be taken as a typical example, and Leigh Hunt in the second, subject in each case to qualifications which it is needless to express here. These are the minor poets whom one is really glad to see brought within the working reach of the educated public. Beddoes has fallen to the thoroughly capable hands of Mr. Richard Garnett, who has also dealt lovingly and wisely with Peacock, a writer specially beloved by ourselves, and the steady rise of whose reputation we are happy to watch.

Another sort of question occurs when we meet with more than twenty-five pages of Macaulay. Was it really worth while to make extracts up and down from extremely popular poems of which one can buy the whole for threepence in Cassell's most useful National Library? Not that we have a word to say against the popularity of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*: but will anybody know them the better for finding scraps of them here? We may mention, however, that Italy has made her practical comment on Matthew Arnold's unlucky phrase "pinchbeck poetry" by raising up two translators of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, or parts of them. Louisa Grace Bartolini, an Italian poetess of Irish birth, published a complete version many years ago, and in 1887 Professor Chiarini made a fresh one (abridged in parts) of "Horatius" for a reading-book entitled *Letture di storia patria*. This is exactly such fame as Macaulay himself would have justly prized.

We have said nothing of omissions; but Mr. Miles cannot go unquestioned on that score. Reviewing the former volumes, we said that we should be better able to judge the editor's notions of due proportion when we should see what measure was meted to Clough and James Thomson. Now the measure they have got, so far, is none at all. As there are several volumes yet to come, we can only say at present that we suppose there are reasons of chronological arrangement, or otherwise, for many less interesting people having been preferred to them. James Thomson had not only force, but a rare genius for narrative poetry, a thing in which very few recent poets have excelled; and Mr. Swinburne's recent excommunication of Clough, of which we shall not now discuss either the justice or the taste, will not efface the "New Decalogue." Then, if we are to give a specific instance of the way in which the copious selections from greater men who can take care of themselves have cramped the representation of those who are in need of being displayed, we could have wished Mr. Garnett more of a free hand in dealing with Hood. We miss a sufficient example of Hood's grim power of breaking from burlesque into tragedy, a power matched, in another mode of expression, perhaps only by Robson in our time. "The Last Man" (in *Whims and Oddities*) shows this power, to our mind, better than "Miss Kilmansegg." Again, if dramatic poetry is included at all in a collection of this kind, it is useless to present it in scraps. Both Wells and Sir Henry Taylor have cause of complaint, we think, on this ground, although the fire of Wells holds its own, when thus treated, better than the diffused and equable light of Sir Henry Taylor. However, Mr. Miles's plan being settled as it is, disappointments of this kind are inevitable. But at all events Mr. Miles and his printers between them can avoid letting their pages be disfigured by such blunders as *Titan* for *Titan*, and we trust that henceforth they will look more closely to their proofs.

NEW PRINT.

THE artistic publishing season seems to have begun again, for we have received from Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Clare Street, Bristol, an artist's signed proof of what they call an engraving, but what appears to us to be a mechanical reproduction by autotype, or some similar process. The plate is after Mr. J. Haynes Williams's popular picture, called "Sweet Silence." A young lady in white satin leans in a delightful disorder, her face averted, against a gilded table, while an impassioned youth, who has evidently posed her with an important question, hangs upon her lips. Her silence, we suppose, is "sweet," because it gives consent. The costumes are those of the beginning of the century; they suggest Præd and Washington Irving, with a flavour of a poet whose name resembles that of the artist—we mean, of course, Haynes Bayly. Mr. Williams has made these highly

* *The Poets and Poetry of the Century*. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Robert Southey to Percy Bysshe Shelley.—John Keats to Edward Lord Lytton. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1891.

polished, sentimental costume-pieces his speciality, and he treats them in a very charming and accomplished way. We expect that "Sweet Silence" will prove, as it deserves, to be a very popular plate.

IBSENISM.*

GRATITUDE for a most diverting book will, we trust, mitigate any possible sense of discomfort which Mr. Bernard Shaw may have desired to create in the conscience of the critic, especially the dramatic critic, of Ibsen. We had thought, all of us who had read the works of Ibsen and attended the theatres, that we knew what Ibsenism is. But this, it seems, is nothing but a gross error of the Philistine mind. The Ibsenite is born rather than made. Ibsenism can only triumph in a reconstructed society, with a victorious social democracy and the recognition of the free will. Before the day of Universal Ibsenism arrives everything must fall—the Church, the State, the Family, the Decalogue, the present race of blind dramatic critics, theatre managers, Licensers of Plays, and so forth. A merry game of puppets and sticks does Mr. Shaw indulge in as he anticipates the hour of freedom. With charming dexterity and ease does he set up his grotesque puppets and shatter them one by one with a single blow. He flings his smooth pebble at all kinds of ideals, enthusiasms, aspirations—the faith held by Shakespeare, the morals held by Milton and Wordsworth—with unerring precision. Duty and self-sacrifice, those most pernicious of ideals, go down with a celerity that might raise the shade of Wordsworth pale with the affront. The process is much swifter and not less convincing than Robert Elsmere's tedious way with the Established Church. It is delightful to see the young revolutionist having his fling. But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with Ibsenism? Marry! it has much to do with it, for it is Ibsenism. Now, to know what Ibsenism implies, to know how great it is and how inevitable, you must either be a "pioneer" or devoutly yearn to be one. Shelley was a pioneer, and so are Ibsen and Mr. Shaw. A pioneer is one who fulfils the will, never minding where this self-assertion lands him. The dramatic critics are not, nor cannot be, of this blessed vocation. Even if they were all "endowed with a liberal education and an independent income" they would scarcely, Mr. Shaw sorrowfully admits, "number more Ibsenites among them than they do at present." To be a pioneer, to declare the wrong thing to be the right, you must be young, and enjoy "the unflagging interests of rebellion." Mr. Clement Scott, for example, is no longer a boy, and cannot be expected to renew his youth by Bank-holiday exercises. It is unkind in Mr. Shaw to profess regret that Mr. Scott does not set about throwing stones at Duty and shriek aloud for the emancipation of woman. Still, Mr. Shaw is, on the whole, tenderly disposed towards Mr. Scott. He quotes at merciless length the anti-Ibsenite adjectives of this experienced writer. But he is so far gracious as to dismiss his criticisms with the pleasing concession that "Ibsen meant all that revolts Mr. Clement Scott," only Mr. Scott really ought not to have been revolted. With this handsome admission the critic may well remain satisfied.

Having disposed of everything in his iconoclastic way, Mr. Shaw proceeds to deal with some very momentous questions. What is Ibsen's "philosophic drift"? and what is his "meaning" in this play or in that? Had Ibsen at any time a philosophic drift? Mr. Shaw thinks that he had, but he knew no better whether he was drifting or what he was about than Mr. Stead when he discussed Marie Bashkirtseff. Mr. Shaw has a great deal to say about Ibsen's "meaning," and he says it with such confidence that it is plain he must have been raised for the work, and there was no other prophet or interpreter of the idol. His explanation, it is true, often suggests the necessity for its own explanation, and the prospect of somebody's—let us say, Mr. Archer's—Shaw's Ibsen. For instance, a whole chapter is devoted to "The Moral of the Plays," which concludes with the exquisite observation, for the benefit of those who think he had forgotten the object of his book, that after all Ibsenism is incapable of being reduced to a formula. This is the beauty of Ibsenism; it is simply nothing more nor less than Ibsenism. Here is the quintessence; you may take it and make it what you will. Ibsen, poor man, knew little of what he was about. As to the moral of the plays, the moral of *Ghosts* or *Rosmersholm*, it is like the moral of *Mr. Limberham*—"excellent, if well considered." It cannot be said that Mr. Shaw has failed in consideration. He gives a lengthy account, partly comment, partly "argument," of the plays, which is to the full as entertaining as his oracular judgment of "Realists and Idealists," or his dissertation of "Pioneers." From this review it would appear that Ibsen was always working at a fair distance intellectually in the rear of his commentator. Brand, the saintly Brand, we are told, caused more suffering than the most talented sinner could have done with twice his opportunities. But, says Mr. Shaw, "Ibsen does not leave this to be inferred." When Ibsen wrote *Emperor and Galilean* he was just "beginning to understand his own meaning." This necessary crisis in his development placed him at once with the great masters. For, like Ibsen, "Dante took pains to understand himself; so did Goethe." Henceforth, from *A Doll's House* to *Hedda Gabler*, he began to

assist, though in a dark Ibsenite fashion, the labours of his interpreters. In *Emperor and Galilean*, it will be seen, to quote Mr. Shaw's cryptic, and possibly penetrative, phrases, "his will, in setting forth his imagination, had produced a great puzzle for his intellect." Any one, by the way, who wishes to fathom that be-puzzled intellect may be commended to those "problems" that produced the childish twaddle of which the final scene of this play is made up. If you would know the difference between Peer Gynt and Julian, who is a "re-incarnation" of the first hero, you must remember that the subject of the older play was "instinctively projected," while that of the latter was "intellectually constructed as well." Thus we get a kind of mathematical formula of this interesting contrast and comparison:—"Julian + Maximus the Mystic = Peer Gynt + one who understood him better than Ibsen did when he created him." After this, not even Mr. Clement Scott has any excuse for going wrong in this great matter. In *A Doll's House* the evil of ideals and the want of "pioneers" is again illustrated. Nora Helmer did not know that forgery was an offence against morals and the law. She wanted money, and she fulfilled the will—her will, of course—and recognized, like a budding pioneer, that nothing stood in her way except the trifling prejudices of an unpioneered society. She is surprised when she finds her husband does not share her simple views. Of course, if Helmer had the making of a pioneer within him he would have recognized her divine right to forge, instead of falling into a vulgar rage. What becomes of Nora nobody knows. Mr. Shaw is certain that Mr. Besant's forecast is wrong. Logically she should have become an active pioneer and worked out her emancipation as a martyr in the care of the State. Mr. Shaw's pleasing volume cannot fail to exercise the souls of Ibsenites until the next play appears bringing fresh complications in its train.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.*

PROFESSOR MACBRIDE STERRETT'S "Studies" on this subject are well written and careful. They have been suggested by the work of Principal Caird, of Glasgow University; but they have a fault which is only implied in his book. It is a common practice for the apologists for any system of philosophy to escape from a difficulty about its logical conclusions by pointing to the life and conduct of its original propounder. This has probably been forced upon them from the opposite side. For a long time a heretic, or any one who differed from the commonly received doctrines, was considered a bad man, and punished by avoidance or otherwise—generally otherwise. So it has come about that the favourable critics of a doubtful system get rid of all suggestions as to its ultimate tendency by referring to how the author lived, and what conclusions in connexion with religion he himself attached to his philosophic doctrines. This is, however, beside the question, which is not what results the philosopher drew, but what results he ought to have drawn. No doubt in this particular case Hegel was a member and upholder of the Lutheran Church; but his disciples have drawn from his work with considerable acuteness ideas which are utterly contradictory to that Church's doctrines. It is necessary also to keep in mind that which Schopenhauer never failed to remember in his attacks, that Hegel was above all things the "Government" philosopher, and may—consciously or unconsciously—have shaped his philosophy, both of the State and of religion, in accordance with the orthodox and established order of things. It seems an unkind thing to say of him, but it is conceivable that a philosopher may be a partisan. Hegel's position in this respect is not even mentioned by Dr. Sterrett. His preliminary study on Hegelianism in general is devoted to the criticism which makes the system Pantheistic. It is correct enough in pointing out that nominally the pure Being which is equivalent to Nothing is the *terminus not ad quem* but *a quo* of the system. What it does not seem to realize is that if the Hegelian logic is to be taken as the process from the completely indeterminate towards the absolutely self-realizing, still the latter, which is God, must have been present all through. It is very well to say that "in Him all finite things find not lose their reality"; but then the reality thus found is not, according to Hegel, a "finite" reality at all. The finite finds itself because it loses itself; but the difficulty always has been to tell what kind of self-hood the finite has when it has lost itself in the infinite. No doubt, Dr. Sterrett says, personality and consequent immortality are at the very root of the Hegelian doctrine; but have they any right to be there? The Absolute which realizes itself in nature and man seems very little else than a process, in which the reality of each is lost, possibly to be reproduced in another form. Such a theory differs very little from the scientific doctrine of the persistence of force. To some extent this has been recognized by the English Hegelians, who would probably agree with Dr. Sterrett in saying that Mr. Spencer's system "may well be styled Hegel's philosophy turned upside down, or an inverted pyramid." But are not both ultimately the same and both wrong? Mr. T. H. Green wrote about nature and the finite consciousness of man that they were

* *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*. By G. Bernard Shaw. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

* *Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion; with a Chapter on Christian Unity in America*. By J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D., Professor of Ethics and Apologetics in the Seaburg Divinity School. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

"media for the realization of an Eternal Consciousness," which can only mean that this realization is indefinitely going on in a process where the individual not only withers but dies. There is no ground for Dr. Sterrett's immortality here. The finite ego in which the Absolute realizes itself becomes quite an illusion. "It can only be the shadow and the seeming of the one universal self, which gleams for a moment in our organism and then passes on." The same difficulty reappears in such phrases as "a process of thought which transcends history," and so on. So far as such thought is definite, it must be in history. If it is not definite, there is little more to be said about the matter. Take, again, the words "the goal of all man's history is union with God, resemblance to God." Is it union or resemblance? If union, what kind of union? Again, "God is the beginning and the goal of man as spirit." True enough, but since the essence of spirit is self-consciousness, how far is this preserved to the individual at the goal? These are familiar questions, never satisfactorily answered by the disciples of Hegel.

Probably the best chapter in this work is that on "The Vital Idea of Religion." It is of a popular, expository sort, and gives an excellent general view of the Hegelian position. There is something rather American in the manner in which the author introduces quotations from a well-known song of Burns and from a love lyric of Shelley to support the German philosopher. In the latter pages of the chapter, however, where Dr. Sterrett is more minute in his examination of Hegel, we come again upon difficulties which it is impossible to overlook. "To merely say, God is infinite, and I am finite, is a very inadequate and false proposition. As the finite is not merely the non-infinite, we cannot conceive this infinite as an immobile, lifeless non-finite. The two terms can only be considered as moments or organic elements in a process." The last sentence is sufficiently distinct and leads to remarkable results in connexion with the philosophy of religion. It is evident that if the finite and the infinite be merely moments of a process, then the process itself is something beyond and above them. This process, therefore, this relation, becomes God. If "both are parts of a system, which have no meaning when separated," what conclusion is it possible to draw regarding the true nature of this infinite? Dr. Sterrett expressly excludes us from the easy notion of the formal logic that it simply means the non-finite. How, then, is he to free himself, or rather his master, from the charge of Pantheism? One cannot predicate personality of a process; and, as this process is eternal, how can it be conceived that there is any self-hood in it? It is very well to quote Scripture and to insist upon the necessity of the meeting of the finite and infinite spirit. All the quotations and every bit of the necessity may be admitted, but not as leading to the Hegelian result. God is spirit, not far from any one of us, and yet, if we have to conceive the Eternal as realizing Himself not only in man, but in every form of natural life, and never reaching the realization, the result is obvious. The old theologians talked about His "purpose." That was, perhaps, anthropomorphic, but it was intelligible. The Hegelian philosophers of history tell us of His "necessity." So far as this refers to self-determination, it is quite right; but the pity is that there is no self. This is the fence over which the Hegelians have in vain endeavoured to climb. The "left-wing" abandoned the attempt and were logical in doing so. Our author makes the matter no better when he says:—"Man is not identical with nature, nor God with man. But the reality which each possesses [the italics are ours] is that which, in spite of differences and distinctions, is of the same kith and kin in all." He adds that the maintenance of this is a distinguishing mark of Hegelians in England and America. It may be, but it leads them all into the difficulty as to what the "reality" is. The immediate Hegelian answer comes that it is the Idea, it is Thought, it is Relation, &c. To those who know anything of the subject it will appear that here we are very close to that "Unknowable" of Mr. Spencer, above which, yet connected with which, our world goes round. Certainly Dr. Sterrett does not say that God, man, and nature are upon the same plane; but they have the same basis, which is not God, but the Idea. Thus he forces his readers back again to recognize that with him it is a hopeless and helpless abstraction that moves the universe. Nature sacrifices herself upon the altar of man; man loses himself in God; and in this movement is the meaning of the world.

Upon only one other part of Dr. Sterrett's book is it necessary to make remark. He shows—as all Hegelians do—that Hegel dwelt upon the Incarnation and the Miracles of Christ. But he quotes his author to the effect that miracle only "furnishes a verification for the sensuous man," and that this is "an unspiritual verification." He also points out that Hegel refused, perhaps wisely, to dwell on the Gospels with their miraculous stories, but began—although here, perhaps, we are forcing our author too far—with the assimilation of the Greek doctrine of the Logos to that of the Jewish Messiah. In short, leaving all the New Testament, save some phrases from Paul, aside, beyond the Fourth Gospel and the Platonism of Alexandria, Hegel declined to recognize anything but the existence of the God-man. Even that he almost hurries over. It is a moment—indeed, the great moment—in the life of the world; but only because thence the Spirit is loosed upon all nations. From the reading of even these "Studies," it is not hard to see how easily the first followers of Hegel fell away from their too orthodox master. He did not justify his first starting-point, said Feuerbach. He did not follow out his conclusions, said and

say the Tübingen school and their followers. That he gave a movement to thought which has been incalculably precious there can be no question. No one, as Dr. Sterrett well says, can be the same man after studying and assimilating Hegel. But the unquestionable tendency is not towards the results to which he seems, at first sight, conclusively to have arrived, but rather to those of his more anxious and ardent followers of the "Left." Historical Christianity becomes a myth, doctrinal Christianity is manipulated into a Neo-Platonic form. The word for miracles historically recorded is *Vorstellung*. The eternally self-realizing God will become Pantheist All or Positivist Negation, so long as the student endeavours to follow correctly the indications of his master. This, however, he must find out for himself. In the meantime, if he wishes to know about Hegel on the Philosophy of Religion, there is really no better book than the present. It is in some ways more useful than that of Principal Caird, to which it owes its origin.

There is an appendix to this volume, which deals with "Christian Unity in America." It is written in a kindly and tolerant spirit, and is accordingly likely to be offensive to the extreme section of each party which it hopes to conciliate. No Presbyterian could agree with Dr. Sterrett, and a large number of Episcopalians would not. His kindly vision of a united Church in America is something like the Hegelian Universal. It has the "glory of going on and still to be."

SAINTS AND SINNERS.*

THERE is a well-known last-century anecdote of an old Bristol Quaker and his son. The father was sitting one morning in his study, clad in the sober-hued dress of his order, when his son, just of age, entered the room, clothed in a scarlet coat and embroidered waistcoat, with a gold-laced hat cocked jauntily on one side of his head. He seated himself on the corner of the old gentleman's writing-table, and exclaimed, as he cracked the heavy thong of his hunting-whip, "Father, I'm an Atheist, and I don't care who knows it!" The old Quaker placidly sat back in his chair, pushed his spectacles up on to his forehead, and replied in measured tones, "Well, if thee beest, John, thee needn't make such a Tom-fool of thyself." Although we have neither the inclination nor the right to admonish Mr. H. A. Jones in such homely terms as these, we cannot help expressing to him our regret that, having written three or four successful plays, he should make such a fuss about it. We yield to no one in our sympathy and congratulation with Mr. H. A. Jones with regard to the substantial rewards which he has earned for his play-writing. But we occasionally catch ourselves stifling a yawn when, elated by the perusal of his pass-book, Mr. H. A. Jones insists upon proclaiming to us, not only how he writes his plays, and why they are so excellent, but also how others should write their plays, and why those they have written are less good than his. The volume which Mr. H. A. Jones has recently published contains, probably, the best play he has yet written—*Saints and Sinners*—and we are not sorry to be given an opportunity of reading it and of reviving the recollection of the pleasure we derived from its representation. But Mr. H. A. Jones has chosen to preface his play with a needless and extravagant dissertation, in which he advances and develops a maxim which his play itself entirely refutes—namely, that the essential element in a play is literary merit, and not theatrical adaptability. He might just as plausibly maintain that the essential element in a miller's hat is its whiteness, and not its warmth-giving properties. In the play before us there are no conspicuous literary merits. The secret of its success is simply that it is "the old regulation theatrical fare" at which Mr. H. A. Jones professes to turn up his nose—an old stage story told in adequate, conventional fashion; the story of a child who errs, and who finally returns home to be forgiven; a subject which has never failed to please audiences whether under the name of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Olivia*, *The Porter's Knot*, *Saints and Sinners*, or *L'Enfant Prodigue*. The secret of the success of *Saints and Sinners* was the popularity of this time-honoured story and the excellence of much of the acting. The disputes and schemings of the Dissenting deacons to which Mr. H. A. Jones devoted so much skilful pains had little to do with the success of the play. Nor can we believe that that portion of Mr. H. A. Jones's work has exercised quite so far-reaching an influence upon society at large as he modestly appears to hope. "If," he says, "I have earned his [Mr. Matthew Arnold's] commendation and 'weakened the faith in the middle-class fetish' . . . I have fulfilled my main design in presenting this play." Mr. H. A. Jones might as well pour a cup full of tepid water into the ocean and say, "If I have by this libation heightened the temperature of the Atlantic, my efforts have not been wasted." The persons whom Mr. H. A. Jones professes to wish to cure are not by way of going to theatres, so that his anticant physic is wasted on the ordinary playgoer. He is no more likely to cure hypocrisy with his plays than is Ibsen to cure hereditary ailments with his. We ask for cures, and Messrs. H. A. Jones and Ibsen would give us boluses. But

* *Saints and Sinners*. A New and Original Drama of Modern English Middle-class Life, in five acts. By Henry Arthur Jones, Author of "The Dancing Girl," "The Middleman," "Judah," and "Wealth." London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

the former gentleman's boluses, at all events, turn out to be only bread-pills after all. In what, now, does Mr. H. A. Jones imagine that *Saints and Sinners* differs from hundreds of plays that have gone before it? The plot is nearly two thousand years old—possibly older. The character of Jacob Fletcher, the gentle, simple-minded pastor, is familiar to us, either in the carefully-tended coat of Dr. Primrose, or in the well-worn *soutane* of the Abbé Constantin. Samuel Hoggard we have met in black and steel court dress as Joseph Surface, in brown velvet square-cut as Tartuffe, and in many other guises. We have wept over the various seductions of Letty, the Minister's daughter, and equally often have we shuddered at the cold-blooded villainy of Squire Thornhill-Fanshawe, and applauded to the echo the sudden appearance of the faithful rustic lover at the right moment (a part, by the way, which on almost every occasion has been played by the ever young Mr. Henry Neville). The treatment is not novel. Mr. H. A. Jones devotes about twenty-four pages of appendix to proving that his elder brothers of the pen—such as Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Molière—have put scriptural quotations into the mouths of their hypocrites. Most repentant heroines have surely exclaimed on their deathbeds, much in the manner of Miss Fletcher:—

"And I was so blind and thoughtless, I did not know you then. Ah, but I know you now! Don't leave me! Where is father? George, you'll take care of him when I'm gone, won't you? (JACOB enters; comes up behind sofa.) You mustn't let him fret, and you must talk to him about me—when I'm gone he'll love to talk about me. Yes, he'll lose a daughter, but you will be a son to him, won't you?"

And so on. And how many times have we not heard the stage-seducer soliloquize, cigarette in mouth, after the fashion of Captain Fanshawe:—

"To think that I have fallen into my own trap, and really grown to love the girl! For I do love her, and she's good and true, too—that is, compared with me. There is something in goodness, after all, or why should I feel a half-longing to be good when I am with her? Why should I feel sorry that I have ruined her poor little life? (Rises.) Hang it! I'm getting maudlin moral. My digestion must be out of order. (Goes to fireplace, throws cigarette in fire.) I must break it to her to-night. The marriage licence, too—that lie's getting threadbare."

&c. &c. If this be really literary dialogue, surely it is older than Mr. H. A. Jones? And surely, also, it has thriven for many, many years past, in many a home on the Surrey side of the Thames?

We do not wish to hurt Mr. H. A. Jones's feelings—indeed it would be ungrateful to do so, considering the handsome terms in which he refers to his critics. We cordially wish him continued financial success with his plays. We are perfectly willing to dance to his piping—but he must not try to persuade us that his jig is the Dead March in *Saul*, or that his life is a Cathedral Organ.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a worthy deed to have edited a play of Molière in a form necessarily designed in the first case for school use, and to have edited it with a complete lack of conventionality, yet with plenty of scholarship. This is what Mr. Markheim has done. And few plays could be selected more difficult to treat in such a manner than the *Misanthrope* (1), which might almost be called hackneyed, if such a word could ever be applied with propriety to such a thing. Mr. Markheim tells us that people in France asked him "Why do you choose *Le Misanthrope*? Is it not too fine for a foreign public?" Let us hope that these "foreigners" used the word *fin*, and not the word *beau*, either of which might be translated "fine." We are half afraid, from the context, that they did say *beau*, and in that case Mr. Markheim should have done what, according to the Laureate, God's glory did to St. Stephen, and "smote them on the face." There is no work even of Molière's that can be too "fine" for the countrymen of Shakespeare. But Mr. Markheim himself undoubtedly understands the phrase in the other sense—the sense in which there is excuse for it—and the method he has adopted is ingeniously adapted to parry the thrust, or at least to make it harmless in future. It is possible to carry too far the theory often advanced by actors and lovers of acting, that the stage is your only interpreter of a stage play. But in the case of the works of Molière, written by an actor-manager for a theatre the traditions of which have remained practically unbroken to the present day, it has a very great deal of truth. And, therefore, Mr. Markheim had a good and ingenious idea when he determined, while getting all the help he could from literary editions and discussions of Molière, to make M. Delaunay a sort of arbiter in points where he had doubts, and to communicate the dicta of that accomplished actor and student of acting to the English reader. This proceeding puts the book in a place by itself, and will make that place a tolerably permanent one. But it must not be supposed for a moment that Mr. Markheim has simply made himself a channel for M. Delaunay's opinions on *crucés*. He has, as we have said, digested and communicated an excellent body of variorum notes, including plenty of his own; and he has—a novelty, but a good one—bestowed his translations, which are not too numerous, in a place by themselves. Molière is as "good to differ about" as Shakespeare himself, and we shall not

insult Mr. Markheim by saying unmitigated ditto to him. He, we think, exaggerates a little the personal aspect of the play when he says that it is "the true love-story of a man of genius told by himself," even though he adds "in spite of himself." We are as sure as Mr. Markheim is that there are touches, perhaps numerous touches, of bitter experience in the *Misanthrope*. But we should not hold Molière the man of genius that we, like Mr. Markheim, do hold him to be, if we thought that this great play was only his love-story. We think, again, that Mr. Markheim goes a little far when he tries to vindicate Alceste from Scott's and Macaulay's charges of "rudeness." Indeed, M. Delaunay, to whom he appeals, does not bear him out; for he sums up by saying that "*Alceste malgré lui n'est pas aussi brutal qu'il veut le dire*." And, lastly, we are a little surprised at seeing Mr. Markheim take *La Fausse Comédienne* so seriously. It is quite true that the passages which he quotes from that libel have remarkable parallels in *Le Misanthrope*. But would not the libeller, whom nobody calls a fool, have been a most egregious one if, with *Le Misanthrope* before him, he had not made his libel correspond? However, these are points on which we may agree to differ, and they do not detract from the value of an edition which is at least as thoroughly equipped, from the point of view of literary and linguistic knowledge, as any other, and has the distinguishing advantage before noted.

M. Hugues le Roux (2) tells us in his preface that he has taken the title of his book from the fact that his subjects are not *bustifiés* in it. He has preferred the Musée Grévin to the Vatican or the Louvre for his model. Those who are afraid of bustification will find, indeed, that he has not attempted that process, hateful to modernity. To the hair of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, that quaint but less genial survivor of Young France, is done full justice; we are told who thumps M. François Coppée on the back; M. Daudet's coachman is not forgotten in the article devoted to that great man. We learn that the hope of a better world is not only foreign but repugnant to M. de Maupassant, and that, with what might have been originality if an insolent ruffian of the name of Epictetus had not existed a great while ago, he thinks suicide "a door open for flight." M. Richepin's boots, his gipsy boots, his boots of scarlet, are not neglected; and the abnormal retirement of M. Jules Lemaitre's eyes is duly noted in connexion with the fact that he is an "affined cerebral nevropathic Rabelais." All this, with other things of the same kind in the minor articles devoted to persons from Queen Nathalie to M. Rodin, and from the late Jules Garnier to the living "Yvette," is to us not very succulent. We are the strangest fellows in the world in caring naught for the coats, the hosen, and the hats of distinguished men. But the book deserves not, in spite of this, to be ill spoken of. It is a clever, and it is not a spiteful, book; it is a well-written one, and yet a simply written. There are traces of real criticism in it, and of a healthy enthusiasm for interesting things and persons which is quite different from mere modernity. Indeed, we really think that, if M. Hugues le Roux could try anything so demoded as bustifying, he really might bustify in not too presumptuous succession to those old fogeyish bustifiers, the La Bruyères and the Diderots, the Gautiers and the Sainte-Beuves. But, Heaven help us! that we should thus try to divorce a man from the cult of Mme. Tussaud and play Pandar to him and the Muses!

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THOSE Other Animals, by G. A. Henty (Henry & Co.), is a volume of unconventional papers on natural history, contributed to the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," in which the author has attempted to correct the "lamentably prejudiced and erroneous views" of the lower animals that are generally held. He says, with excellent force, that man's estimate of animals is determined by his own narrow and selfish interests. Mr. Henty would see justice done to all, from the elephant to the slug, and, on the whole, justice is done to a fair number of the much-maligned inferior creation. With some few exceptions, this pleasant volume is both convincing and entertaining. It is true that Mr. Henty has neglected one view of the subject that is a broader and a richer field for humour than that he presents. Everybody would like to know how man is regarded by the animals he has domesticated or attempted to tame. Mr. Henty deals some sly strokes at the foibles of men of science and the passions and prejudices of those who keep pets; but he does not tell us what the bear thought of the late Mr. Frank Buckland, or enlighten us as to the meditations of the lamented Sally on Mr. Romanes. We hope, if Mr. Henty intends to write a sequel to *Those Other Animals*, to see this enticing subject treated with the sympathy and power it deserves. One of the most agreeable of his essays is devoted to proving the superiority of the wasp to the bee in intelligence and industry. Nor could a better advocate be desired than is Mr. Henty in treating of the admirable qualities of the pig, the goose, the frog, the sparrow, and other misunderstood creatures. His reflections on the good results that might follow the proper cultivation of the vocal organs of pigs are altogether admirable. We regret to find a less liberal spirit shown towards the cat. Mr. Henty shares a vulgar prejudice, both in echoing the commonplace hyperboles

(1) *Molière—Le Misanthrope*. Edited by H. W. G. Markheim. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(2) *Portraits de cire*. Par Hugues le Roux. Paris: Lecène, Oudin et Cie.

accepted by all writers on the dog, and in his hard and narrow judgment of that very superior animal the cat. If the pig's voice compasses "the whole gamut," the cat's, as he admits, has an extensive register. Yet, forgetful of this previous recognition of virtue, he has nothing more to object to in the cat than a taste for nocturnal music. He talks flintily of a society for the suppression of cats merely because their voices lead to bad language from sleepers awakened. We wonder if Mr. Henty was ever aroused by the howling of a dog or the yelping of some street cur. But these are contentious matters that supply what many will find a refreshing piquancy to a cheerful volume. The illustrations by Mr. Harrison Weir include some charming drawings of birds and beasts, among which are an angry donkey, playful frogs, some delightful geese and cats, with a strange and fearful representation of a frolicsome camel on his back in the sand.

If it is with books as with business—that which is everybody's is nobody's—then might it be said that *The Business of Life*, "a Book for Everybody" (Fisher Unwin), is a book for nobody. But to say this would be to reckon without the great reading public. Triteness is a quality that needs no recommendation. It is an unfailing lure with the larger portion of readers. *The Business of Life* is by the author of *How to be Happy though Married*—the only happy point of which was the title, which was borrowed. Once more the writer is fortunate in a taking title. For the rest, these essays conform to the new popular recipe. You take some familiar quotation as a text for discourse, or some more or less well-worn anecdote, and serve up with more or less obvious comment. If the reader's ignorance of the British essayists, from Addison to Charles Lamb, is complete, the result, we do not dispute, is very easy reading and not unpleasing. But should he, however, by some odd chance, know his *Elia*, he will scarcely read "Why do People wish to be Rich?" (ch. xxiii.) and possess his soul in patience. Or, if he knows the essays of "Q. Q.," he will not be greatly moved by "Busy Idleness"—a title that must recall Jane Taylor's admirable writing.

Mr. William Stivers Bate's *Wayside Voices* is a little book of verse, prettily printed and bound; privately issued, it seems, in New York. In other respects the book cannot be said to be American. Mr. Bate's lyrics are fairly tuneful, though not remarkable for force or freshness in their flow of fancy. The sonnets are somewhat tame. That on "Names" is rather absurd, though curious for the odd trisyllabic form of "Coleridge," in defiance of that poet's own rule of pronunciation:—

Shakespeare hath somewhere said "What's in a name?"
And yet methinks he'd wear an humbler crown
If his cognomen had been Black or Brown;
And Tennyson would have a dimmer fame,
And Coleridge be hailed with less acclaim,
Had their wing'd steeds been weighted down
With Jones or Smith—nor would the high renown
Of Milton—say as Scroggins—been the same.

But Mr. Bate is more poetic when he avoids such deep subjects. He is at his best when he adopts a pensive strain, and some of the memorial lyrics in his collection are true in music as in sentiment.

In the well-printed "Cameo" series we have a second edition of *A Minor Singer and Other Verse* (Fisher Unwin), by the late Miss Amy Levy, with two additional poems, and a portrait of the author. The new poems, a sonnet and a translation from Emmanuel Geibel, further emphasize the sadness that characterizes the original volume. It is a weary or despairing sadness, rather than melancholy; something like a deep-rooted malady than the fretful impatience of rebellion common to young poets of the day, that pervades the poetry of this promising singer. And the sincerity of this strenuous note is undeniable.

Mr. Horace C. Martin's *Notes on Elementary Physiography* (Heywood) is a comprehensive compilation, originally designed for the author's own use, as a student and as a teacher. Geology, astronomy, meteorology, and chemistry are drawn upon by Mr. Martin in this compact and condensed text-book of physiography. Clearness and brevity are to be noted in the important matter of definition and exposition. The arrangement of the subject, in numbered paragraphs, upon which sets of questions for examination are based, is simple and satisfactory.

Everybody interested in the training and employment of the blind must also be interested in the story of the life and labours of Miss Gilbert—*Elizabeth Gilbert and her Work for the Blind*, by Frances Martin (Cassell & Co.)—a new and cheaper edition of which has recently appeared.

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's *Ballads of the Tower* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) are in the main intended for recitation, and possess the simplicity and directness of style that not always belong to this class of verse. He must be a very inexperienced or ungifted reciter who fails to impress an audience in such stirring ballads as "Lady Jane Grey" or "The Two Young Princes"—to cite two from a capital collection.

Wafted Seeds, by Harriet E. Colville (Nisbet), is a booklet of allegorical sketches, of a practical and didactic cast, though the conjunction of allegory and moral aim is not altogether happily effected.

For the use of English and American visitors who may need an English handbook, Mr. R. B. Douglass has compiled *A Concise Pocket Guide to the Louvre* (Paris: Neal's Library), which is put forth as the only book of the kind written in English. Dealing with the paintings and sculpture of the Louvre, the aim of Mr. Douglass is to indicate "what to see and how to see it."

The works of note described or named form a selection from the enormous collections in the Louvre. The locality and position are clearly shown, and what comment is given is brief and to the point. Useful plans of the galleries are appended.

Mr. J. H. Ingram's *Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) takes a place in the "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany.

The Dead Ass and the Holy Coats (Boot & Son) comprises a Japanese apologue of the rogery of Buddhist priests and an historical account of the Holy Coat of Trèves, the writer's object in combining such themes not being particularly made clearer to the reader by his declaration that he declines to give any opinion on the latter subject.

We have also received a new, revised edition of that excellent treatise on horsemanship by Captain A. H. Hayes, *Riding; on the Flat and Across Country* (Thacker & Co.), with new chapters on military riding, training of polo ponies, riding "buck-jumpers," &c., with illustrations by Messrs. Oswald Brown, Sturgess, and Stanley Berkeley.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Chronicle.

Mr. Balfour and the Leadership.

"Not against England." Lord Derby on Mr. Bright.

The Price of a Title. Mr. Gladstone and Egypt.

The Irish Situation. Imperial Jinks.

The Art of Letter-Writing. A Unionist Broadside.

Slate, Slits, Slots, Slitten.

"Cavalleria Rusticana"

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Before the Footlights. The Birmingham Festival.

The Weather. Newmarket First October Meeting.

New Lights on Causation.

Schliemann's Excavations.

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3. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
4. POACHING.
5. LAURENCE OLIPHANT.
6. LANDSCAPE PAINTERS OF HOLLAND.
7. TAINE ON NAPOLEON I.
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